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SPECIAL EDITION AUGUST 1997

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HAPPY ENDINGS

Back from the dead?;
her very first orgasm...finally;
a fucking good reward

MY FIRST ORGASM

I know it's hard to believe in this day and age, but up until recently I never had an orgasm.

I shouldn't have gotten married as young as I did, especially to a man who knew as little about sex as I did, which is not much. His idea of a marathon sex encounter is when it takes him three minutes to come instead of the usual two. After we had been married a little while, he started to bug me about my not climaxing, so I faked it to please him.

Well, in the last year or so I decided there had to be something more, so I started reading about it, including your magazine. It made me blush to read those letters, but it also excited

He felt so hard, so long and big and thick, moving in the wet slipperiness between my legs

me a lot! I started trying to masturbate—I would get fantastic, warm feelings, and then wonder if that was an orgasm.

To make a long story short, one day a very nice-looking man in line next to me at the bookstore asked me if I enjoyed reading the letters in your magazine, which I was paying for. Although I was a little embarrassed, I admitted that I did. He offered to buy me a drink, and I accepted.

Kent was tall, with large, white teeth that showed when he smiled, which was often. We talked for a long time, and when he invited me to his place, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world for me to say yes.

Once we were in his apartment, he sat next to me on the couch and began to kiss me tenderly. My body trembled against his as he softly stroked my breasts through my frilly blouse.

Slowly, as if we had all the time in the world, he unbuttoned my top. When my breasts were bare, he moved his head down and licked the nipples. I shivered all over.

Kent stood and took my hand. He led me to the bedroom. We got undressed, and I hid under the blankets as quickly as possible. But he pulled the blankets off me, saying that I had a beautiful body and he wanted to look at me.

His erection was not as big as my husband's, I noticed, and I wondered if I would get as much pleasure from it—though I knew my husband gave me little enough.

Instead of making love to me right away, Kent stroked the insides of my thighs. His finger found my clitoris and gently rubbed it up and down. I began to shiver again, and the feeling grew until I thought I would fly apart.

Then he knelt over me and guided his erection into my excited vagina. He felt so hard, so long and big and thick, moving in the wet slipperiness between my legs—I knew I would never be the same. His penis and pubic area somehow managed to press into my clitoris, and the sensations grew and grew and grew until they blotted out everything else.

My shivering stopped. My vagina began to contract. True orgasm ripped through me. I groaned. I groaned some more. The contractions of ultimate pleasure continued; my hands flew to his hips, trying to take control of his movements. My own hips bucked under him, my back arched, and I lost any con-

trol I may have had over my body.

He stopped moving, his organ lodged deep within me, and he sighed deeply. I could feel the jerkings of his erection inside me as he filled me with his semen.

We made love twice more that afternoon. Now I see Kent during the week, and I am trying to get my husband to slow down his lovemaking. If my husband won't change, then I will leave him, because I now know what I've been missing all these years.

Mrs. W.P.
Kansas

RETURN FROM THE DEAD

"Make love to me, Bob," Kathy moaned hysterically. "I want to feel your cock deep inside my pussy!"

Her hand glided smoothly over the outside of my trousers, massaging my already half-stiff cock into rock hardness. Her open mouth cut off my protests. Her hand took my wrist and forced my fingers over her blouse, where I automatically squeezed her soft woman's flesh. What the hell, I'm only human, and I was reacting to her kisses, her touches, her writhing body as any man would. I might hate myself later, but at that moment I wanted desperately to make love to this woman.

"Make love to me," she said again in a low, passion-filled voice. "Stick your cock in my pussy and fuck me"

Her attraction for me—or for who she thought I was—was intense. Her slim fingers destroyed my zipper, reached in and took out my throbbing cock even while she was tearing off her own clothing. She twisted about on the couch and put her face in my crotch. She licked and sucked the head of my quivering manflesh in a way that had me groaning with the most intense pleasure I'd known in a long time.

My hands roamed over her wiggling ass as she moved it into position directly in front of me. Under the cheeks, between her legs, the prettiest, pinkest pussy winked invitingly at me, and it was an invitation I wasn't about to refuse. I nestled my nose in her asscheeks' crevice and flicked my tongue over and into her pussy. Her moans and wigglings told me she liked that. Her blouse, skirt, and underwear were still hanging on her frame, but they soon dropped off. Somehow I managed to shrug off the rest of my own clothing, so we were both naked.

Her eyes were glazed with passion as she stared up at me.

Obviously, she still thought I was Bob, her dead husband, somehow miraculously returned to life to rejoin her. I rationalized that in her shocked, grief-stricken state I was doing her a favor making love to her, giving her pleasure with the man she had hypnotized herself into believing was her husband—but I suspected it was just the selfish desires of a guy with a hard-on and a handy place to stick it!

My name isn't Bob, it's Jeff, and I'm Bob's twin brother. It wasn't a pleasant task, but I felt I had to go see Bob's widow. It had been several days since the fiery crash that had killed him. I'd glimpsed Kathy at the funeral, but she'd seemed too distraught so I didn't speak to her then. She was very attractive, even in black. I could see what Bob saw in her, but I couldn't see what *she* saw in *him*. I hate to speak ill of the dead, but frankly my brother was a rotten son-of-a-bitch; we never got along, so I hardly saw him or his wife.

I should have called first, but I just stopped by. When she opened the door, her eyes widened as though she were seeing a ghost. She muttered "Bob!" and looked as though she were about to faint. With an arm steadying her, I led her to the couch. And, as you can see, one thing led to another.

"Make love to me," she said again in a low passion-filled voice. "Stick your cock in my pussy and fuck me, fuck me as you've never fucked me before!"

"Well, of course, I had never fucked her before, but I wasn't going to let that stop me. I must've been like a man in a trance myself as I eased my cock between her spread legs and plunged it up into her. She clamped her legs tightly around my back and rocked back and forth as I thrust into her with a steady rhythm. We went on like this for maybe fifteen minutes, during which time she trembled with several violent orgasms. I finally came, myself, in one of the most satisfying cums I've ever had.

When I'd recovered my composure, I discovered she'd fallen sound asleep. I picked her up and carried her to her bedroom, where I tucked her into her bed. For a moment I gazed down at her, wondering why it had to be Bob that had gotten her instead of me. I kissed her on the forehead, then tiptoed out. As I drove back to my apartment, I thought about what happened and felt guilty and confused. On those few times I'd seen Kathy in the past, she'd never seemed like the kind of person who would go into some kind of fantasy work, even in grief.

I was right about that. When I got home, the phone rang. It was Kathy, who said she wanted to apologize. For what? "For taking advantage of you, Jeff," she said. "It was a brazen thing to

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His long organ slid wetly in and out as I bounced. He gasped and I could feel his semen flowing into me

do. You didn't know it, but Bob and I were about to get a divorce. He was in that car accident because he was drunk, returning from a hot fuck session with another woman."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"I always suspected you liked me—maybe *more* than liked me—at least I hoped so," she went on, "so I pulled that stupid stunt today. Will you forgive me?"

I laughed. "Only if you do it again—but this time call me Jeff!"

I saw her again that same night, and the night after, and the night after that. There's a good chance, if I'm lucky, that I'll be seeing Kathy every night of both our lives.

Mr. J.B.
North Carolina

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

I guess it's true, what they say about a woman's sex drive peaking just when her husband's drive seriously declines. I know it seems to be true for me—I want it a lot more than Len does. In fact, ever since I turned thirty, I can't seem to get enough from Len.

Well, to make a long story short, I met a wonderful man and we became lovers. Greg makes me feel like a real woman, young and desirable, and he satisfies my urges in a safe way. Safe until recently, that is.

Len left for work at six-thirty that morning, as he always does. He really loves his job, and they love him down there, so he works more than most men. Anyhow, Greg came over about nine, after the children were off to school, and we went to bed.

Let me tell you about me and Greg. He is two inches shorter than I am and in superb physical condition from his work as a carpenter. He is totally bald on top but very hairy elsewhere. We make an unusual couple, because I am tall, very thin and very blonde, with no breasts to speak of—I look like an early '70s high fashion model.

Well, Greg came over and we went up to the bedroom. We tore off our clothes and jumped up on the mattress. Greg began to kiss me, his hand found my snatch, and soon he had set me on fire. He sucked on my flat breasts, which turns me on more than I can say; perhaps it's because Len never pays any attention to them. My nipples got hard, and the juices in my snatch were flowing.

I stroked his lovely cock with my hand, feeling it get bigger and harder in my fingers.

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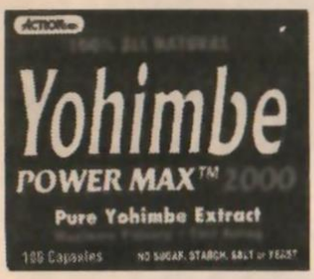

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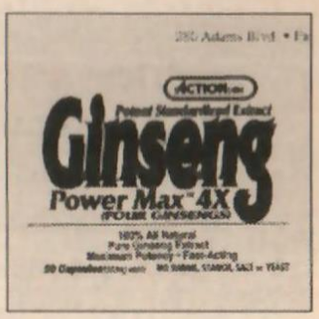

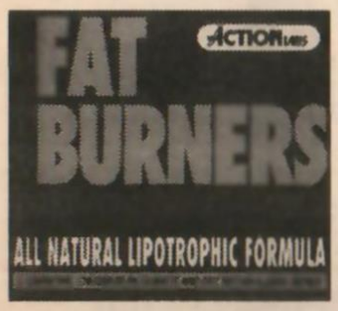

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I got up over him and put my mouth on it. I love the taste, sometimes kind of lemony but mostly just too hard to describe, and I love the feel of the rubbery head, the royal purple color of the crown.

Meantime, Greg's clever tongue had found my clitoris, and he was licking it, sending shivers of delight cascading up my spine. My thighs wanted to clamp over his face, to hold him there until my orgasmic release.

Instead I turned around and straddled him. I guided that organ of his into my snatch.

Now, when I come, I always get too sore to make love again for hours. So I give Greg his orgasm first, and then we do it again.

This time, Greg was lying flat on his back, with his big erection buried in me. Carefully, not letting him slip out, I shifted my weight to my feet, scooting them up under me, on either side of his hips. So I was squatting on him, touching only at my hands on his chest, my ankles against his hips, and, of course, his organ in my snatch. Balancing with my hands, I used the springiness in my legs to bounce up and down on him. His long organ slid wetly in and out as I bounced, until he grabbed my waist with his hands and stopped me from moving. He gasped and I could feel his semen flowing into me, the pulsing of his erection and his upward thrust as he came. I lay on him and we kissed for a moment.

Just then I heard a loud moan from the hallway outside the bedroom. I jumped up and looked. There was my husband, sitting on the floor with his zipper down and his penis shriveling in his hand, and spatters of silvery semen on the carpet.

Well, I was flabbergasted. I stood there, Greg's semen oozing out of my snatch, naked, unable to think, with Len in an odd position, also apparently unable to speak.

When he did speak, I was even more flabbergasted. He wouldn't mind if Greg and I made love, as long as he could watch! So we did, and he did.

As Greg passionately pleasured my body, I looked over at Len. He watched through half-closed eyes, his organ in his fist.

Things have sure been different now between Len and me. Our sex life together is much more passionate, and when the three of us get together, the result is dynamite!

Mrs. L.D.
Maryland

NIGHT RIDER

It's not every night that a horny guy's fantasies and dreams come true. It happened to me last night, thanks to Terri Ann. She's twenty, two years older than myself. The woman is

She squirmed her pussy onto the pork roll and I stuffed her completely. Our love hairs stuck together in all the hot stuff leaking out of her labes

hot-to-trot-looking with bright red hair and thick, ruby lips.

She and my sister are best of friends and took advantage of the empty house. Our folks were off on a cruise and the girls decided to have a party. They invited over two heavies from the college football team and turned the living room into a carnival at half time.

I felt like a real nerd hanging out with them, munching on taco chips when I'd prefer munching on Terri Ann's twat. I wanted to watch the cum shots on the VCR fuck flick but my sister gave me the exit sign. I went upstairs carrying a heavy load in my balls.

When I got in bed, I left the door open a little so I could listen to them. It was a pudpounder's symphony, hearing them get down to it while I stroked my shaft. I had the urge to sneak down to the landing and check things out. I was dying to watch Terri Ann taking in dick. But I'm not that kind of guy. So I jerked a palmful and went to sleep.

Terri Ann used the guest room, opposite mine, but she didn't use it last night, if you know what I'm saying. I awoke some time in the night and rubbed my eyes to make sure I was really awake. Sitting up in bed, I watched her there in the doorway. The hallway light was on and it bathed her beautiful body in a warm glow. I could see every sexy line and curve of her beneath that flimsy nightie.

She moved into the room and stood at the side of my bed. Brushing back her flowing hair, she whispered, "I can't seem to fall asleep. I'm so restless. Can I get in bed with you for a while? Will you keep me warm?"

My cock throbbed "yes" from under the sheet. She undid the nightie and it slowly slid down her curvy body. She was so close, so hotlooking! She touched her titters and strummed the nips a little before sliding her hands lower, to her hips. She playfully angled her pussy my way like an exotic stripper. Then she squatted, urging me to use my hand on her furry hole.

Her pussy was soaked with hot secretions as I jiggled a few fingers into her love slit. She rocked steady and got off on my frigging until her breathing came in gasping spurts.

Then Terri Ann slid into bed with me, blanketing my body with hers. Her lips met mine and she soaked my face and neck with kisses. She licked my chest

and tugged my own nips with her teeth, sending me up the wall!

Then her mouth moved lower still and I felt her steam heat breath on my balls. Looking up from my hairy groin, she tugged the taffy and said, "You have such a handsome cock. And it's so big! How will it ever fit inside me?"

Oh, man! I figured she'd give me a stroking or maybe let me come in her mouth. I never thought she'd honor my hard-on with her pussy. I told her then how I always wanted to fuck her and how I regularly beat the meat, thinking of her.

She was flattered to hear me sing her praises and she got hotter once I started poking her with the pork. She straddled my groin and faced me with a smile. Then she touched down with her pussy.

She squirmed her pussy onto the pork roll and I stuffed her completely. Our love hairs stuck together in all the hot stuff leaking out of her labes. Terri Ann took my hands to her tits and wanted me to massage those mammers as we fucked.

I did it during the fuck and tried timing my orgasm to hers. When her sweaty, hot body shook, she moaned, "Coming! I'm coming!"

I followed right behind, shooting a high geyser into her pussy before she collapsed atop me. I covered her with grateful kisses and asked if we could do it one more time before she went back to her room. She said no. She wanted to do it all night long. Oh man, all night long!

Mr. B.C.
Louisiana

SEE CRUISE

There were four of us on the boat, enjoying the clean mountain air and the view of the crystal lake. Surrounded by lush evergreens and thick green foliage along the shore, it seemed like we were in paradise. We'd looked forward to this outing all year and one very important reason was that the four of us were party animals, uncaged at last.

My wife, Jill, sat beside me at the stern. She had her yellow blouse open midway, sunning her white tits to a golden tan. Bob was at the bow and noticed. He nearly rammed the pleasure craft into the shore. His wife, Amy, laughed at the pilot's ineptitude. And she knew full well how Bob wanted to steer his shaft into my wife's mouth and pussy. I had similar designs on sandy-haired Amy.

She's in her late twenties with a ripe, robust body. Her full, flared hips captivated me as she stood at the bow with her legs parted. Her white shorts were skin tight and the lines of her panties were outlined beautifully.

Amy parted her legs and my bone was moistened by the slick wetness of her crack

We'd done some fishing, swam off the boat, and were anxious to dock for some cozy coupling. Normally, we'd trek the youngsters on such outings. But this time around, it was an "adults only" cruise.

Bob steered to shore and we debarked on a deserted little island in the middle of the lake. It was isolated and really brought out the she-beast in the women. Amy stood with her hands on her hips and then started unbuttoning her blouse. "Well?" she asked. "This is what we came here for, correct?"

Absolutely! The rest of us stripped and we became impromptu nudists. Jill and I have swapped partners with a few couples over the years but we've mellowed a bit. Now, we're more selective and discreet. You have to be. And Bob and Amy were perfect candidates for our swinging ways.

Jill kissed my cheek, told me, "I love you," and then pranced her pussy into Bob's waiting arms. I watched as they kissed and hugged, their bodies conforming to a hot oneness. The guy's groin extended a mile from his middle and his cock was so fat, Jill had to use two hands on it.

Amy was suddenly beside me on the ground, pushing her doughy-white tits into my face. "I've looked forward to getting physical with you since forever," she said. Then she slid her tongue past my teeth to tickle the roof of my mouth as we rolled about on the grass.

I was soon atop her, nudging her thighs with my prick. Amy parted her legs and my bone was moistened by the slick wetness of her crack. "Oh, you must eat me first!" she insisted. "Don't let your wife be the only one serving."

Turning to check out Jill and Bob, I smiled at the hot sight of them. My wife winked at me and then used all of her energy squashing Bob's head with her pussy. He was happily pinned to the ground as Jill juiced his mouth with her excited flow. She jiggled her moon tits as she jostled atop him. The rapturous glow on her face convinced me this was indeed the best of all possible worlds. It was just the four of us getting intimate as good friends should do.

Amy's pussy was moist and magnificent when I neared her. I nibbled on her flashy inner thighs, causing her to sigh before bringing the flat of my tongue to her slippery pinkness. Her snatch was sweet and luscious and I drew so much juice into my mouth. She got into it, slamming her hips into my face and pounding her fists into the

ground as the excitement consumed her.

She grabbed the back of my head, trying to bring me closer to her cunt. My tongue was in all the way, patting her inner walls. Her clit throbbed and I moved my tongue and lips there to nibble and caress that nib to the bursting point. She howled for no one to hear except Jill and Bob. It was mood music for those two and I used my mouth to bring Amy over the edge. She climaxed in my mouth and the parched feeling in my throat was washed away.

My wife moved alongside of Amy and the two kissed in friendly fashion. Then they coaxed our cocks to their pussies, teasing us with their waiting bodies. As I slid my shaft into Amy, I thought for a second that this moment was worth all the waiting and the planning. Maybe we'll make this an annual outing.

Mr. T.N.
Iowa

CPR

I might as well admit it: I had the hots for blonde, beautiful, shapely Jenna from the moment she walked into the library her first day of the job. She couldn't wear real short dresses or too-revealing blouses at work, but she didn't have to. Fully covered, she was the sexiest, the loveliest, the most desirable girl I'd ever seen. She gave me a lot of pleasant hard-ons while I fantasized about her. When she reached for a high shelf, her hemline went up in a most intriguing manner, and when she bent to retrieve a fallen book, her dress hugged her wonderful ass in a way that had my crotch twitching. I thought how nice it would be to go up behind her, lift her dress, and stick my eager pecker into her sweet young pussy.

She looked healthy enough, and no one suspected she wasn't—until she groaned one evening and fell to the floor, just before closing time. Marian, the reference room librarian, was the first to reach her; she bent over the prostrate form and screamed, "She's not breathing. Her heart has stopped. She's dead!"

Well, I'd taken a course in CPR—Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation. I told Marian to call the paramedics, and I got to work on Jenna. Basically, the technique involves a combination of trying to get the heart restarted with thumps to the chest and forcing oxygen into the victim's lungs by blowing into her mouth. I tried to be objective about it, but my desire for the girl was just too great. My own heart was thumping like crazy and I had trouble breathing. When I loosened the buttons of her blouse and moved my hand onto her chest, I was fully aware of her full, firm breasts. And

. . . with me plunging into her wiggling body with swift, certain strokes that had her moaning and screeching with orgasm and me letting go with a blast that drained me

when I placed my open mouth over her open mouth I was fully aware that what we were doing was very similar to kissing. I was also fully aware that, though this wasn't the most romantic of circumstances, my pecker was starting to jerk with excitement.

This was the first time I'd ever had to use it on a real person—the class had used dummies—and I didn't seem to be getting anywhere, but I persisted. A few minutes before the paramedics arrived, Jenna coughed and gasped, her heart started beating again, and she went into a spasm of recovery.

"She's alive," the reference room librarian said in awe and wonder.

I was a hero. Even the paramedics congratulated me before they took Jenna to the hospital. I was pretty proud of myself. And of course Jenna was grateful to me for saving her life. I didn't realize how grateful until one night when I was closing the library and was surprised to see she was still there.

With a smile she said, "I want to *really* thank you for saving my life."

"I was glad to do it. You're a very special person to me."

Her smile widened. "I know that, John. I noticed the way you look at me, and it's made me all hot and bothered inside. I want you to look at me again like that—only closer, more intimately." And she proceeded to take off her clothes!

The front door was already locked, and many of the lights in the building were out. I stood there, open-mouthed, watching as she gradually exposed her lovely body to my rapturous gaze. I wondered if I were dreaming, but my twitching pecker assured me that I was fully awake—and becoming increasingly aroused by the sight of her.

When she was totally naked, she turned this way and that to proudly display her healthy figure. She was breathtaking. I'd never seen a girl so beautiful, so desirable. When she came forward and put her arms around me and kissed me on the lips, I almost came in my pants. But I didn't. I kissed her in return, and I ran my hands down the small of her back to her rounded buttocks in a way that made her shiver with excitement.

"I want us to practice another kind of CPR, Roger," she said in a low, sexy voice—Cock in Pussy Rejuvenation, otherwise

known as fucking."

"Here, in the library?" I almost said—but didn't. Why *not* here in the library? There was a soft couch in the employees' room in back that would be quite comfortable. Besides, I wanted to make love to Jenna while I had the chance. The opportunity might never return.

So we went into the employees' room, where she undressed me slowly, tantalizingly running her fingers and her lips over each square inch of my skin as it was revealed to her. I did a lot of kissing and fondling, myself, of her body. I licked her nipples, kissed her breasts, worked a finger into her warm, wet vagina. I kissed her all over the insides of her thighs and into her vaginal orifice. She licked my pecker and sucked on it. And we had intercourse on the couch in a variety of positions, with me plunging into her wiggling body with swift, certain strokes that had her moaning and screeching with orgasm and me grunting and letting go with a blast that drained me but left me feeling just wonderful.

Spurred on by her beauty and by my desire for her, I'd never been so bold, so expert in lovemaking. She loved it. I loved it. I loved her—and she grew to love me. We were married a few months later. It's ironic to think that a near tragedy could result in so much happiness.

Mr. R.G.
Connecticut

RED-HOT

LOVERS

Insatiable cunt; eating his own cum; his wife's the best fuck

LEAF IT TO BEAVER

My girlfriend Angela and I aren't nature freaks but when the weather's nice we like to take long walks in the woods. Within an hour's drive from home are three beautiful parks with miles of trails, and we alternate our trips between them.

On a warm day last fall, when all the leaves were turning colors and dropping to the ground, we drove up the Mississippi River to our favorite park. After a small picnic lunch, we headed up one of the trails and deep into the woods. Ours had been only one of three cars in the parking lot and the deeper we went into the woods, the more we realized we were completely alone.

Angela wore a halter top that fit snugly around her small, pert tits, and a pair of snug-fitting shorts. Her long, lean legs were

Again and again I rammed my cock inside her. I felt her pussy juice seep out

evenly tanned and she wore a pair of hiking boots. I was dressed pretty much the same way: hiking boots, shorts, and a t-shirt stretched tight across my thick chest.

For a while we walked hand-in-hand, but soon the trail narrowed and I had Angela walk in front of me. Before long the sight of her ass cheeks bobbing up and down in front of me began to turn me on. I felt my thick cock begin to squirm in my shorts.

"You're turning me on," I told her.

She laughed and winked at me over her shoulder.

I placed my hands on her softly rounded hips and pulled myself close up behind her. Through the thin material of our clothes, I pressed my rigid cock against the crack of her ass.

"You really are turned on, aren't you?" she asked. She stopped walking and pressed her ass back against me, slowly grinding it against my crotch.

"I want you," I said. I was still behind her and I reached around Angela to press my fingers against her crotch. I rubbed her pussy through her shorts.

Angela reached down and tugged at her shorts. I helped her pull them off and I dropped them to the carpet of leaves beneath our feet. Angela's creamy white ass cheeks were inches from me. She bent over and grabbed a small tree for support.

I tugged down my shorts, exposing my long, thick cock. I rubbed my cockhead across Angela's ass, then slid it up and down the long crack of her ass. I reached down and plunged one finger between her pussylips. She was wet and ready. I plunged my finger in and out of her juicy cunt two or three times before Angela said, "Don't stall. Fuck me now. I want all of you inside me."

I eased my cock forward, pressing the thick head against her pussylips. Angela shoved her ass back against me, forcing my cock deep inside her throbbing cunt. I grabbed hold of Angela's hips and thrust myself deep inside her again and again.

"Harder," she moaned. Her legs were shaking and she could barely hold herself upright, even using the tree for support.

Again and again I rammed my cock inside her. With one hand, Angela reached between her legs and began rubbing at her clit from the front, her fingers sliding across my slick cock as I plunged deep inside her. I felt her pussy juice seep out and tickle my balls.

She thrust her hips back

against my crotch. "Don't stop," she cried. Her head whipped from side to side, her long black hair wisping around her head. And then she came. I felt her go limp in my hands as she cried out. The only thing keeping her upright was me. I thrust forward another half dozen times before I came, shooting cum deep inside her.

Then my knees felt like they were going to buckle, but I held onto Angela's hips until my cock stopped throbbing. When my cock grew limp and slipped out of Angela's moist pussy on its own, I finally stepped away from her.

Angela turned to face me, dropped to her knees in front of me, and slowly licked my slick cock clean. Then she stood and kissed me, her long tongue probing deep inside my mouth.

We fucked again before we finally dressed and made our way out of the woods to where we'd left the car. We've gone back to the same park twice more to do the same thing.

We've never been nature freaks, but Angela and I have started looking forward to our long walks in the woods.

Initials and state withheld

ROAD TRIP

I'm a traveling salesman for a national company, so I spend a lot of time on the road. It's lonely, so I spend most of my nights thinking about my girlfriend, Sally. I know I could probably pick up women at the hotel bars—traveling salespeople like myself can often find a woman to spend the night with, thanks to liberation—but I don't think any would compare.

With my tongue I probed the tiny brown pucker of her ass, then I licked up the full length of her swollen cunt lips

Like the last time I came home. I called Sally when I was about two hours from home. Sally was waiting for me when I got home. Naked, she lay back across the couch, a glass of red wine in one hand and her legs spread invitingly. I closed the door and peeled off my clothes. Then I sat on the couch with her, took a sip of her wine, then dipped my forefinger into the wine glass and traced the outline of her lips.

She sucked my fingertip into her mouth and gently nibbled it. I felt my cock rising between my thighs. Sally's hand crept across my leg to my stiffening cock and she wrapped her fingers around it. She tugged at it gently, giving inspiration to its upward journey.

I bent over Sally and kissed her, first her eyelids, then her

lips. Our tongues met and entwined for a moment, and then I let the tip of my tongue trail away from the corner of her mouth, down her chin, down her delicate neck, to her shoulder, then lower to one of her stiff nipples. I took it into my mouth, teasing the thick nipple with my tongue, rolling it around in my mouth. Then, leaving behind a wet trail, my tongue moved to her other nipple where I did the same.

Slowly I traced the underside of her breast with my tongue, then journeyed down her abdomen to the thick blonde triangle between her legs. Sally was already wet, her pussy juices seeping down the crack of her cunt to her asshole. With my tongue I probed the tiny brown pucker of her ass, then I licked up the full length of her swollen cunt lips.

"Fuck me," Sally whispered. I felt her fingers tangled in my hair.

I slid up and onto her, my thick cock sliding between Sally's legs. She reached down between us and brought the head of my cock tight against the folds of her cunt lips. With one smooth thrust I was deep inside her quivering cunt.

Grabbing the arm of the couch with one hand, I pulled myself upward as far as possible and began thrusting into her. Sally arched up against me, thrusting her hips up to meet mine each time I drove my cock deep inside her.

Sally began moaning under me, urging me to go faster. Her hands gripped the cheeks of my ass, her long fingernails raking tiny designs in my skin. I felt the hard points of her nipples rubbing against my chest as I moved against her. Sally began bucking underneath me, shouting my name over and over again, faster and faster, until she screamed, grabbed the cheeks of my ass in a vise grip, her long nails sunk deep into my skin.

And then I came, shooting hot cum deep inside her throbbing cunt.

She kissed me then, a deep, penetrating kiss, and she began to slowly move her hips against mine. She moved carefully so my limp cock wouldn't slip out of her slick cunt and before long my cock began to grow hard again.

It was hours before we finally fell asleep after we moved to the bedroom.

With a welcome home as good as this, you can see why I don't pick up women when I'm traveling. I certainly don't need to.

Mr. N.S.
Oklahoma

LICKED AND DICKED

My wife and I have gotten into some sex that is a bit different from anything I've heard about or read about, so I thought I'd write you a letter. Perhaps some-

I buried my face in her crotch. Her wonderful wet slit parted under my tongue, and I sniffed the fragrance of her lusty love-box

one else enjoys the same practice we do.

Last Saturday night is a good example. About an hour after supper, we were sitting in the living room watching tv, when I became aware of a hand inching slowly up my thigh.

Her fingers tugged at my zipper; she was having a real tough time getting it down. I pulled her close and kissed her full, luscious lips. I put my tongue in her ear—her crinkly, jet black hair smelled wonderful—and whispered, "Let's go to bed."

In a flash we were stripped and under the sheets. I lay on my back as Tamika kissed my mouth, my eyes, my chin, my neck. She paused to gently chew on my nipples. The feeling was very erotic, and my dick responded by standing fully erect. When her lips went over the swollen head of my dick, my eyes rolled back into my head. I stopped her before she made me come.

Tamika lay on her back. I kissed each of those great knockers of hers, kissed them and licked them while my hands got busy in her wet cunt. Her legs parted and her knees rose, so I knew she was ready.

I slipped my dick into her cunt. It was tight, and good, and slick, and hot. I pulled my dick out and pushed it back in. She moaned. I pulled it all the way out and rubbed it around in her hot cuntal lips, and pushed it back in. Now I was really close to coming, myself, so I pulled it back out.

My tongue flicked at the base of her neck. It went lower, just between her two breasts. Meanwhile, her juices were drying on my hard dick. I moved my mouth lower, inserted my tongue into her belly button, then I traced the outline of her pubic hair with it. I love the feel of those tight black curls against my lips, under my tongue.

Then I shifted to her ankle. Slowly I kissed her leg, working my way down her thigh, stopping just before I got to the divine junction of those thighs. Then I repeated the process, getting ever closer to the center of her lust. By this time, the last few licks on her thigh made her jerk her hips, throwing that pink slit up at me.

Then I buried my face in her crotch. Her wonderful wet slit parted under my tongue, my nose pressed in the curls of her hair and I sniffed the fragrance of her lusty love-box. I could

smell the faint traces of my own dick, which was now aching for release.

I licked her clitoris, dipping lower from time to time, until her hands gripped my hair, her thighs closed on my head, and she called out my name as she writhed with orgasm.

Once she gets started coming, she can keep going if she gets the proper stimulation. And I have the proper tool right between my legs.

I slipped it to her again, and now she was moaning and grunting, her inhibitions licked completely away. She would do anything I desired at that point.

I asked her to turn over. She got on her hands and knees.

I let my eyes feast on the sight. Her full, round ass, the tight little asshole and the pink and purple slit below ready for my dick, the line of her spinal cord, the lines of her sleek flanks, narrow waist and flare of her wide hips, are all a vision to madden a man with lust.

I plunged my dick into her and banged away furiously, pounding it in all the way up to my balls on each thrust. I held her hips with my hands as I gave in completely to an unbridled need to fuck this woman. Finally, I came, my come shooting into the deepest crevices of her. As I came, I pictured in my mind my dick, buried deeply in her center, with cream spurting out of it.

Well, I guess my pleaure in eating out my wife after I've already dicked her some is not as far-out as some of the things you publish, but it feels wonderfully strange to me.

Mr. L.Q.
Manitoba

EXCITEMENT IN ICE

My wife and I bought a new house last fall; actually, it was an old house, deep in the heart of south Texas. Everyone told us life would be impossible without air conditioning, but we took the house anyway. I promised Annabel I'd install it as soon as business picked up, but somehow, I never got around to it.

Well, the winter and spring were not too bad. But when the really hot temperatures of July and August arrived, Annabel refused to have anything to do with me. I'd come home from work, horny as usual, but she'd always say it was too hot. And it never seemed to cool off, with night after night of over a hundred degrees. To make matters worse, she started parading around the house naked.

Although she has jet black hair, her skin is creamy white. The contrast between her dark, furry bush and pale hips always turns me on. I love to look at her long, milky legs and her full breasts, with the bright pink nipples. Her ass is something else, too—a wondrous full moon

below a slim waist, curving up to broad, perfectly smooth shoulders.

One miserably hot evening, I lay in bed, a fan blowing directly on me. I just lay there and sweated, while Annabel used the shower. She seemed to be in it for the longest time; I could hardly wait for my turn to wash the sweat away with cold water.

Finally, she came out carrying a glass of ice and lay beside me. She closed her eyes. I could feel the cool of her skin next to me, and it was too much.

I kissed her nipples—they were icy to my tongue, but already stiff and erect. She sighed with pleasure, but otherwise lay still. I felt an overwhelming desire, my cock swelling rapidly to its full length.

I reached down with my hand, fingering her slit. Warm moisture seeped out, and I realized she was as horny as me.

Inspiration struck. I fished three half-moons of ice out of the glass, and, ever so gently, pushed them into her love-box. She moaned.

I followed the ice with my hot, hard cock—the sensation of penetrating her cool, clammy love-hole was different. It was slick, as slick as ever, but not at all hot. Her legs flopped on the bed on either side of mine, pushed apart by my thighs; she made no effort to help me.

I kissed her mouth. Her lips barely responded to mine, but her mouth trembled. Her head rolled a little with my thrusting. I could see she was really excited, despite the fact that she lay so limp, not showing any outward sign.

My seed felt hotter than ever, spurting into Annabel's now lukewarm love-hole. I felt like my balls had ruptured

And the feeling of her cold breasts against my chest, her icy belly under mine, her cool legs splayed out on either side of me—the icy feel of my wife made me hotter than ever.

Annabel lay passively, taking my lust but not lifting her arms to hold me as she usually does, not raising her hips to meet my thrusts. Even her moans and sighs slowed, then stopped. But I could feel the involuntary contractions of her love-box, squeezing my hard dick. She shuddered as an orgasm swept through her, then she shuddered again.

Her utter passivity drove me on to greater and greater heights of passion. My hips sped up, my cock plunging in and out with maniacal velocity. My sweat dripped off my chin. My normal gentle, easy style disappeared, replaced by a hard, animal-like unrestrained lust.

When I came, it was like an explosion. My seed felt hotter than ever, spurting into Anna-

bel's now lukewarm love-hole. I felt like my balls had ruptured, I came so hard.

Annabel moaned as I ground my pubes into her cool crotch. I could tell she came again.

After a few minutes, I pulled my still turgid cock out of her. She just sighed and fell asleep.

As I took my shower, I wondered why it had been so exciting. The whole thing took less than five minutes, and Annabel had hardly moved at all. Her icy body, her passivity had unlocked something entirely new in me.

I decided the air conditioning would have to wait a while more.

Mr. J.H.
Texas

CRUISIN'

Some people would say I have a problem, but I don't think so. No, I just like men, like them a lot, and I can't seem to get enough or enough variety.

Let me tell you about a typical day—say last Wednesday. I got up early in the morning, as usual, got dressed in my sexy, short dress, then I checked my appearance in the mirror. The red silky material fell to just above my knees. The deep cleft between my boobs looked inviting. My brunette hair cascaded over my shoulders and down my back. I left off panties and hose, as usual, and my shapely, tanned legs looked great. I wished the wet look was still in; I loved that look because it was sexy as hell. Then I went to work.

I licked that drop of fluid, and then I took his whole dick in my mouth. The hot cream erupted without any warning

The boss called me in, as usual, for my early morning *dic*tation, and I mean dick! Harry has a nice-sized one, which I could hardly wait to get inside me.

So, I came into his office, closed the door, and went and put my arm over his shoulder. We kissed hello. He fondled my boobs for a minute, but I was already raring to go.

I bent over, hands on his desk, and presented my buns to his face. He flipped up the hem of my skirt and I felt his hands on my ass. In seconds his lovely, thick dick was poking into me, sliding back and forth. He leaned over and put one finger on my clit. The pressure of his finger, and his thrusting, soon gave me my first orgasm of the day.

I decided to take a coffee break after that, and to do some shopping. So, with my boss's cream still warm inside me, I left the office and went to a nearby mall.

Well, there was this cute salesman in the shoe store. He was pretty young—about twenty-one or so—and I love the virile strength of young guys. (I guess I should tell you I'm in my late thirties.) Well, anyway, I liked him enough to let him see my blonde snatch as I tried on shoes. I asked him when he went on break.

Don was his name, and he told the other guy in the store that he needed to consult with me in private. We went back through the stockroom to a tiny office, really no more than a closet.

I pulled my dress off. Don stripped. He had a lovely body, muscular and almost hairless. I kissed his bald chest, working my way lower to his dick. It was beautiful, not too big but perfect for what I needed, long with greenish and purple veins, and a large mushroom cap which had a tiny drop of fluid at the tip. I licked that drop of fluid, and then I took his whole dick in my mouth. He kind of shivered, and the hot cream erupted without any warning. I swallowed it neatly and kept his thing in my mouth.

It got soft, but as I worked on it, nibbling ever so gently with my teeth, it got hard again real quickly.

Don sat on the chair, and I climbed up on top of him. I rode his dick up and down, mustering all of my considerable skill to pleasure him fully. Soon he shot off into my love-box. I came at the same time, stimulated by the thought of his orgasm. I quickly dressed and left, as he sat there, too stunned to move.

Now it was lunchtime. So I went to a place in the mall. There I allowed a man I had just met to pick me up. His name was Brad, and we went to his place for the rest of the afternoon. He fucked me twice in my snatch and I sucked him off once.

I ate a light supper, and then it was time for my nightly trip to the adult bookstore.

By the time I crawled into my bed late that night, I had scored with seven men. I was exhausted, a little sore, but happy.

Miss A.O.
Missouri

I went rigid all over and then my pussy exploded, sending mind-blowing waves of pleasure all through my body

BATHROOM LUST

I know this may sound pretty strange, but my biggest turn-on, aside from fucking, is masturbating in public bathrooms. You see, I'm a 27-year-old woman and my sex life has been pretty boring since I broke up with my boyfriend about six months ago. I guess it's just that, without a good hard cock in my tight little pussy at least a couple times a week, I have to go to extremes to get satisfaction, but with all the diseases out there, I'm pretty scared about getting involved with strange guys.

Anyway, to get back to my kinky little habit, it all started just after the break-up. I was in a bar one night with a girlfriend and after a couple of drinks I felt nature calling. I headed for the ladies' room and was pleasantly surprised to find it was big, clean and brightly lit, unlike some places that you wouldn't even want to walk into, let alone use. I grabbed a stall on the end, wiggled my tight jeans down and sat down.

I was just about to get up when I heard a sound from the stall next to me. I froze and listened closer. The woman next to me moaned and groaned and then I heard a wet, slurpy sound. She was masturbating! Her moans grew a little louder, but never enough to carry very far.

For some reason, I didn't want to leave. I wanted to hear her have an orgasm. I guess it was because I never heard another woman come before or maybe because I just never thought of anyone doing anything this intimate outside of a bedroom. Her moans got closer together and the wet sounds of her fingers in her pussy grew a bit more pronounced. After another minute or two, I heard her moans suddenly stop and then she sighed contentedly. Seconds later she flushed and I heard her walk out.

I just sat there, wondering about what had happened. Suddenly, almost without thinking, I reached down to my shaved pussy and felt it. An incredible erotic charge surged through my body and I found my pussy was soaking wet. I spread my

pouting pink lips with one hand and stared down at my glistening womanhood. I was nervous and horny and excited all at once, just like the very first time I played with myself and worried that my mother might walk in.

I reached down and began to stroke my clit, slowly at first and then with increasing tempo. My juices were flowing quickly now, dripping down and running into the toilet, in fact. I leaned back a bit and closed my eyes, completely abandoning myself to the spreading warmth that emanated from my pussy. I pictured myself with my ex-boyfriend, his mammoth 10 inches sliding in and out of my tight little pussy, and firing huge wads of cum into me.

My fingers were stroking faster and faster and my molten pussy was beginning to grip and grab as I slid the finger of my other hand inside like a small cock. I felt the orgasm building quickly, and, as it built towards the crest, my entire body began to tingle and I began to thrust my hips a little and squirm around. All at once it happened—I went rigid all over and then my pussy exploded, sending mind-blowing waves of pleasure all through my body. My nipples popped out and my juices flowed in rivers as I rubbed frantically, desperately trying to keep from screaming as my entire body quaked and vibrated with the most tremendous orgasms of my life.

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It finally subsided a little later and I sat there, exhausted but thrilled. I cleaned up a little later and rejoined my friend, who by now was a little too drunk to notice how long I'd been gone.

Since that night, I've masturbated in other bathrooms in other places. Sometimes, depending on what I'm wearing, I'll even take all my clothes off and do it totally nude; that's the

biggest thrill of all. The funny thing is, I think that when I do find a new boyfriend, I'll probably still do this, it's so incredible. In fact, if I can pull it off, maybe I'll invite him in to watch me!

Ms. D.L.
Florida

MY DATE

Her name was Cie. We worked together. She was a hot-looking little blonde with these flashing brown eyes. She had a real nice body. She wore see-thrus and you could see these nice round breasts with large brown nipples, a real turn-on. She had a very nice, round ass. It was funny because, before I could ask her out, she asked me.

She came by and picked me up, and we took her car and she drove. She took me to a restaurant and bought dinner. Then we went to a movie that she picked out, and she paid for both dinner and the movie. Next stop was a motel and she picked up the tab there too. I couldn't wait to get into her pants but maybe it was the other way around. She couldn't wait to get into mine.

Inside the motel, she led me to the bed and began kissing and licking me. She unbuttoned my shirt and kissed and licked my chest and stomach and nibbled on my nipples. I played with her nice round breasts but it was plain she was going to be the aggressor.

She got to my slacks and undid them and pulled out my cock, which was very stiff. She tongued its head and wet little hole. That liked to drove me insane.

She then began to lick and suck my hard cock. My balls were really hot. She gave me a fantastic blow and suck and then pulled off my pants and shorts and then removed my shirt. I was completely nude except for my socks, and she was still fully clothed. It felt a little funny but I was so horny that I didn't mind.

She turned me over on my stomach and started with my ears, with her tongue-licking and kissing, and went from there to my neck and shoulders. Cie went down along my back and got me wet all over and then started covering my ass cheeks with her tongue and then the inside of my ass crack. She pulled my ass cheeks apart and, to my surprise, she tongued my asshole. That feeling was so good that I almost shot my wad.

She then attacked my puffed-up balls and I could feel her tongue and hands all over. She eased a finger into my asshole and finger-fucked it at the same time. Somehow she managed to pull my rock-hard, hot cock backwards and got it into her mouth. It was slightly uncomfortable having my stiff cock pulled back, but when her wet tongue

and moist saliva touched it I could forget about the discomfort.

Cie ran her hands and tongue all the way down to my legs and to my feet. She then took my socks off and gave my feet and toes the same treatment. She then flipped me over. She did the same with the front of my feet and legs and went back up to my swollen balls and stiff cock. I got tongue all inside of my thighs and more sucking and licking of my cock. She managed to get both of my puffy nuts in her mouth and I can't even begin to describe that feeling. It got even better when she began pumping my cock with her fist.

Cie finally got up from the bed and stood in front of me and slowly removed her clothes. She did it very teasingly, only letting me see each bit of skin very slowly. Before she pulled her panties off, she walked around the motel room and picked up our clothes and placed them in certain locations very neatly. I knew this was simply a ploy to make me watch her and get me that much hotter and, of course, it worked. By the time she came back to the side of the bed, I was so hot I could have fried an egg.

She removed her panties and I sighed outwardly when I caught my first glimpse of her blonde bush. She got on top of my face and spread her legs right in front of my eyes so I got a perfect view and close-up of her wet snatch. The pussy juice really shone and glistened and my tongue found the moist hole and went to work. I sucked and licked and tasted and smelled

Cie started covering my ass cheeks with her tongue and then the inside of my ass crack. To my surprise, she tongued my asshole

and even did the same to her tiny puckered asshole.

God she was hot and wet. She moaned and groaned as my tongue went to work and kept at it. My hands reached and fondled her breasts and my fingers picked at her nipples. I got her so hot that she took my nose into her cunt hole and fucked it while I licked her asshole. That went on until she came and my face was soaked with her warm juices.

She slid down and put my cock in. She sat down hard on it, taking it all in with one quick shove. She moved her pussy up very slowly and bent over me while my hands grabbed her ass and squeezed and we fucked and fucked. I kept control but I don't know how, except that her cunt hole was so hot and tight around my cock, and it felt so good, that I didn't want it to end. But I was so hot that eventually my balls began to pump that hot jism up thru my cock and out its hole, and shot deep into her slick hole.

When she felt my first heated burst of cum shoot up into her, she began really slamming down hard on me and riding my cock like my fist beating the hell out of it. I had my knees spread and up, and my ass pumped up and down as fast and hard as I could to meet her cunt hole, as it spewed big gobs of sticky jism into her pussy. My hands gripped her ass cheeks tightly and one of my fingers went easily into her asshole as far as it could go. She moaned when it slid in.

We banged each other like that even after my cock was dry, but we kept going as she was having orgasm after orgasm. We continued until my cock got soft and slid out. But she simply went down and licked it and sucked it hard again, sucking all of our cum juices into her mouth. While she did this she also turned her slick pussy into my face and pressed against my face. My own cum dropped out onto me, but I went ahead and ate her cunt out and sucked all of our sex juices down my throat.

Cie and I kept it up all night and I think I got off about five or six times, which is rare for me. It really got better as it went along because each cum shoot took that much longer, and we had to pound each other a little harder. I think we finally ended up passing out, rather drunk from too much sex.

Mr. D.A.
Arkansas

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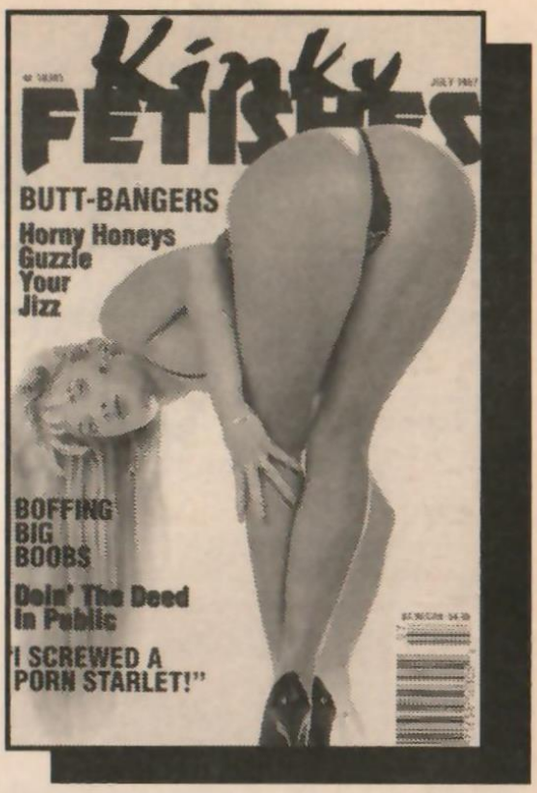

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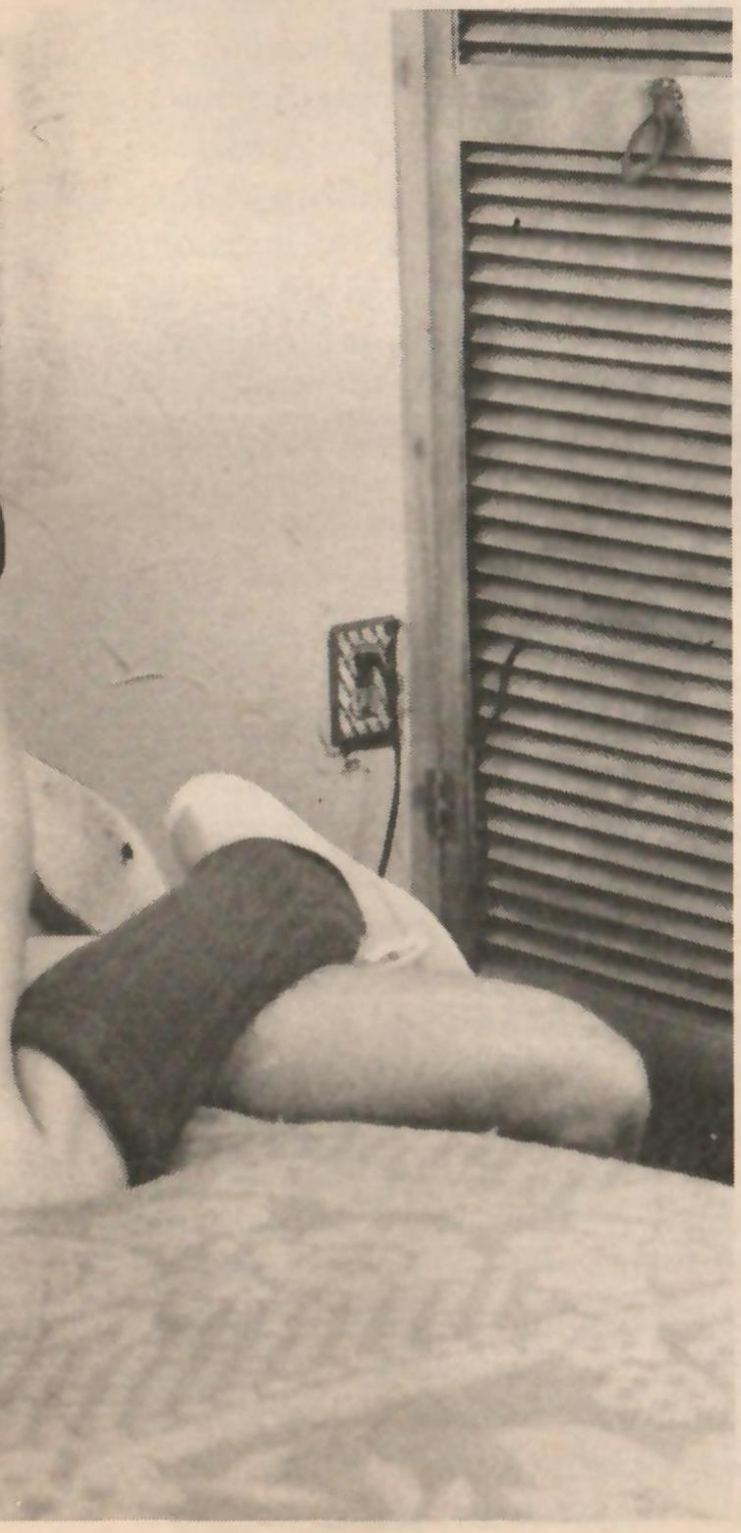
SE 8/97

JUST OLD ENOUGH

Teacher taught her plenty;
fucking the boss's daughter;
her son is just 18...and
so is his friend

SPRING BREAK

I'm an eighteen-year old male with black hair and green eyes, and I'm currently attending a small New England university. I like reading your publication because I think your readers' letters are really hot, and they remind me of some of my own wild sexual escapades, like the one I'm going to tell you about now.



I turned eighteen the day before spring break. I'd decided to spend my spring break at my cousin's house in Florida. He'd promised me I could enjoy my "legal" birthday in a big way if I spent my spring break at his house. Once my plane had landed, my cousin Tommy picked me up at the airport and took me back to his house. Almost immediately after we got to Tommy's house, I met Ann and Carol, the two beautiful girls that lived in the house across the street from Tommy. Ann had long, beautiful blonde hair, blue eyes, big tits, and an almost-perfect ass. Carol had long, silky red hair, green eyes, a winning smile, and even bigger tits than Ann's.

Well, I had to run some errands the next morning and, when I got back from running them, I found out that Tommy and I'd been invited to dinner at Ann and Carol's place. We went over that evening and ate a fine home-cooked meal, courtesy of

I slid my throbbing eight-inch rod into Ann's hot, wet love-hole as Ann said, "Oh, fuck me hard! I love the feel of your big dick inside of me!"

Ann and Carol. Then we all went into the girl's living room to do some drinking, where we got a little loose and started playing strip poker. Tommy and I did a lot of cheating while we were playing cards and soon had the women wearing only their panties, which caused our cocks to almost jump out of our pants.

The women then lost one more hand and stood naked in front of us. Then the two women moved in unison, walking over to us and pulling down our pants to reveal our swollen organs. Then Ann started lightly licking my dick and balls as Carol did the same to Tommy's manly equipment. I loved the feeling of Ann's warm, wet, velvety tongue caressing my swollen cock. I almost fainted with pleasure when she slid her warm, loving lips over the head of my dick and swallowed my shaft. She then slowly, sensually slid her lips up and down the length of my shaft while her tongue and throat muscles wrapped around my dick's head.

It was lovely to see Ann's beautiful blonde tresses spread out over my crotch as she gave me a blow job, and almost as exciting was the scene across the room of Carol slurping down Tommy's long rod. I soon shot a huge load of my hot jizz down Ann's eager throat in ecstasy, and I watched as Tommy unloaded his own love gun across Carol's lips. She greedily licked it clean.

Then I laid Ann down on the thick, red carpeting of the living room and started licking and kissing her all over while squeezing and caressing her bountiful breasts. I worked my lips slowly over her erect, pink, silver-dollar-sized nipples, giving her teats the attention they craved. I moved my mouth down to her marvelous, musky pussy and slid my tongue between her lips to lap at her engorged clitoris. She cooed with delight when I began licking her little love button and sticking my tongue in and out of her pussy and I loved the taste of her gushing love-juices. Ann soon started bucking and quivering in the throes of an intense orgasm, and her juices started flowing from her cunt like a tidal wave, gushing into my mouth.

I then raised my face out of Ann's golden triangle of love and saw Carol and Tommy writhing in a sixty-nine, Carol's long red hair flowing wildly around as Tommy muched her deep scarlet muff. I returned my attention to Ann and, in the mis-

sionary position, slid my throbbing eight-inch rod into Ann's hot, wet love-hole and began pistoning away as Ann said, "Oh, fuck me hard! I love the feel of your big dick inside of me! Please fuck me hard!" I began lunging my cock deeply into Ann's orgasming cunt, fucking her with lusty force. I felt my semen wad up in my balls and I groaned in ecstasy. Then I exploded wth the most powerful orgasm of my life, squirting what seemed to be gallons of my hot, thick love-stuff into Ann's quivering cunt.

Ann and I happily collapsed into each other's arms, spent, and we watched Tommy, who was now fucking Carol "doggie-style," fill Carol's soaking cunt up with his hot cream. Then the four of us relaxed and "recharged our batteries" before the next round of erotic pleasure. We spent all of that night and most of the next day playing exciting sex games; some of which only foursomes can play. It was a wild week, and it's one spring break that I'll never forget!

Mr. J.B.
Vermont

BABY BOOMER

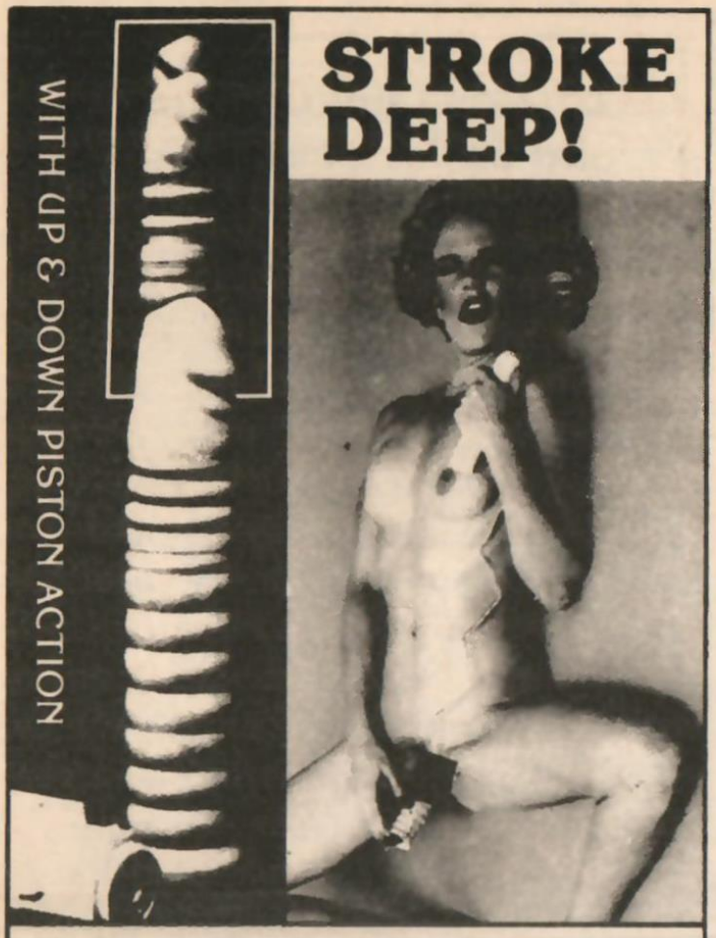
(Bubba, when you read this letter, I know that you'll smile when you recall the memories of the times we had together. I was just thinking of you, off at school, and masturbated to a frenzied climax.)

Bubba shot a molten load of thick cum deep inside me

Bubba was a guy that came to work as an intern in the place where I am employed. It was a summer internship. Many new high school graduates do it in order to preview their chosen field of study before they enter college. Bubba was a former football player. You know the type. Tallish, blonde and *built.* He was well-built all over. He was also young. I am not old, but I could be his mother.

I was training Bubba and, I guess to thank me, he invited me out after work one evening. We had a nice, sweet time and at the end of the evening, he went to kiss me goodnight. I moved my face suddenly and instead of a peck on the cheek, he ended up giving me a kiss on the lips. I guess it surprised him as much as it did me, because he hurried away embarrassed.

The next night, I was out back, soaking in my hot tub, naked. I always did that after a rough day. I heard someone coming. Thinking it was my girl friend from next door, who usually joined me, I did nothing to conceal my nudity. It was Bubba. When he saw me like that, he froze in his tracks. I



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tried to act cavalier and invited him in to join me. (Do you recall that, Bubba?) He undressed, not facing me, and slid into the tub rather quickly. I did notice his immense hard-on. I was becoming quickly aroused. My nipples hardened and I could feel my pussy release some of its juices into the water. I decided to make my move.

I slid my toes over to Bubba's cock and began to massage it. I felt his warmth running through me and making my pussy even wetter. Soon he slid over to me and began to kiss me. He was eager and good for such a young man. His hands sought my breasts and he began to knead them wth his big strong fingers. I reached for his cock and wrapped my fingers around its large girth. His kisses and caresses became more ardent.

Finally he was on the verge of cumming. I spread my legs and he entered me. God, it was beautiful. Bubba's big, strong, youthful body covering my own right there in the hot tub. The water bubbled and frothed around our private parts as they clashed in a passionate frenzy. I came several times over and then Bubba shot a molten load of thick cum deep inside of me.

We separated and clung to the sides of the tub for rest. My pussy was still spasming from my orgasms. I reached out to Bubba and took his hand to show him I was pleased. We sat there for a while and then Bubba started to fondle my tits. I caressed his heavy ball sac and he grew hard again. I tried to give him head right there in the tub. We ended up laughing and then I sat on his lap, facing him, as he put his cock inside of me and fucked me again.

All that summer, we would meet in the evening and fuck in the hot tub. Bubba was too young for me to consider as a

serious candidate for a relationship. He was just old enough to be legal. I also knew he would leave me in the fall and go off to school. At school, I had told him, he would forget all about me, the tub and our sex. He would meet some young girl his own age and enjoy a relationship with her.

That was last summer. Every time Bubba has come home, he has visited me and we have screwed in the hot tub. It has been fun. I enjoyed watching my young lover grow into a young man. But now I have a lover who is better suited to an "older" lady like myself and I hope Bubba will make some other girl as pleased as he made me. Fucking in the hot tub is an experience more suited to young impassioned lovers, too, I think. The heat of the water seems to wilt my current lover's ardor. So, the hot tub will always serve to remind me of the incredible fucks Bubba and I had there during our illicit year together.

Miss M.A.
California

RITES OF PASSAGE

I'm a woman of 34 and people find it difficult to believe that tall, muscular, broad-shouldered Paul is my son. At 18, he looks more like he is 21 or older. The fact that I married and had a child when I was very young, and that I look younger than my age, has a lot to do with it.

I moaned loudly when he thrust his large, hard penis into me. I was dripping wet, but still it was a tight fit

Anyway, it hasn't been easy for me, bringing up a son alone. My husband was killed in Vietnam, so I've had total responsibility. I've also had no time for a social life of my own. It's only been lately, now that Paul's working part-time and is dating, that I've begun looking at my own needs and how to fulfill them. I did go out with a man for a while, but he turned out to be married. Having sex with this guy reawakened my sexuality, and now I seem to be aroused all the time.

All of this is probably what led me into an involvement with Jimmy, my son's best friend. Jimmy's dad is an alcoholic who threw Jimmy out of the house. Paul talked me into letting him live with us, and in the beginning I didn't care for the idea. With Paul working after school, Jimmy was always around the house. Most of the time it was just Jimmy and me.

He used to follow me all around the house, talking constantly about all his problems. At first I resented all the attention he seemed to demand from

me, but gradually I warmed up to him and felt real affection for him. Jimmy is of medium height, with these sparkling blue eyes, brown hair and a very boyishly cute face for 18. At times he reminded me of a stray puppy dog. Now, of course, I think of him in a much different way.

From time to time I would catch Jimmy staring at me in a way that made me blush and get all flustered. And then one afternoon, after I had laboriously scrubbed and cleaned the house, I decided to take a shower. As I was drying myself off, I opened the bathroom door to let out the steam, forgetting it was three o'clock and that Jimmy was due home from school. After toweling off, I stood there nude, rubbing my body with scented lotion. That's when I looked up in horror to see Jimmy standing in the hallway, staring at my naked body.

"Oh, Jeanne," he said hoarsely, "you're beautiful."

And then he took me in his arms and began running his hands up and down my body. He bent and kissed each of my nipples, and I wanted to cry, it felt so good. The way in which he touched me was almost reverent; it was obvious that he had never made love to anyone before. But the motions of sex seemed to come naturally to him, and feeling his hands between my legs was exciting and made me swoon.

Together we went to my bedroom and lay on the bed. I helped Jimmy to take off his clothes, delighting in the smoothness of his skin and the sweet smell of his masculine flesh. His cock was fully erect and man-sized; it quivered as I stroked it. A fleeting moment of guilt passed, and then I pulled Jimmy on top of me, guiding his erection to the now-moist opening between my legs.

I know I moaned loudly when he thrust his large, hard penis into me. I was dripping wet, but still it was a tight fit. I was so excited that only a few thrusts brought me to the edge. Then, as I clenched in climax, I felt Jimmy's cock jerk and ejaculate, flooding me with his jism.

Since that time, we can't keep our hands off one another. We feel an incredible mutual attraction and we fuck ever chance we get. Maybe it sounds crazy, but I think I'm in love with Jimmy, a boy who's young enough to be my son.

Crazy or not, wrong or not, I know I can't stay away from him. And he feels the same way. We're going to keep on enjoying this happiness we have, for as long as we're able to. And I hope that's forever.

Mrs. J.W.
Missouri

NOT JAILBAIT NOW

My brother reads your magazines all the time and I used to

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sneak in his room and snitch a copy, hiding it under my mattress. I thought maybe what happened to me on my eighteenth birthday might be interesting so here goes.

My father owns a big wood-frame house and it has three apartments that we rent out. One tenant is an old couple, one apartment is taken by an elderly lady, and the third we rented six months ago to Mark, a terrifically hunky guy.

I had a juicy snatch for him from the first day he moved in. He's tall but really strong and he wears shorts and tank tops that show his hairy chest and arms. The shorts also bunch up pretty nice around his big cock and balls. I've got two brothers who aren't too modest so I know about those things. And, naturally, I've had dates, so I'm not as innocent as Mom and Dad like to think.

Mark noticed me right away. I'd be in the driveway washing our car in a skimpy bikini that showed my fantastic tits and I'd make sure the thin nylon would be hidden in the crease of my ass, also so tight on my pussy he could almost see my clit.

"Like my bathing suit, Mark?" I asked one day, facing him and making sure he got a look at my boobs. "Your trunks are really neat."

He was washing his car too and he was wearing nylon trunks. His cock and balls really bulged. My mouth watered when I looked at it.

When he finally pushed me back and put his big, round cockhead in my pussy, I had another orgasm

"It's too bad you're not a little older, Tina," Mark told me that day. "You're a beautiful chick."

"I date," I told him resentfully but he shook his head.

"Not me you don't," he said firmly. For months I'd ambush him in my sexiest things. I'd flash him if he was coming up the stairs and I was going down. I knew he had a hard-on for me but he wouldn't give in.

Then it was my eighteenth birthday. Mom and Dad gave me a big party and I got terrific gifts but just one thing kept running through my mind. *I'm old enough,* I was thinking. I knew Mark had dated several girls who were only a year or two older. That night, I kissed some guys I'd dated before. Jerry took me out on the back porch and got his hand up under my dress, fingering my pussy. I felt like letting him fuck me right there but I had other plans.

About midnight everyone was gone. Mom and Dad went in to bed (Dad was in the mood for love) and I said I'd clean up the kitchen. I rang Mark's number but he wasn't home yet so I took

Dad's spare key to his apartment and tiptoed up the stairs.

I'd been in Mark's little apartment before. This time I turned on the TV and then went in and showered. My nipples were sensitive and my pussy was a real swamp as I pictured Mark's face when he came home.

I got in bed and waited, watching Johnny Carson. Just as he went off, I heard a key in the door. Mark came in, closing the door behind him, and looked at me lying in his bed. I had the sheet pulled all the way up.

"Tina! What do you think you're doing?" he said, looking from me to my clothes lying on a chair next to his studio bed. "Is your birthday party over already?"

I smiled. "My *eighteenth* birthday, Mark," I said softly. I threw back the sheet and let him see me. I was naked, perfectly shaped breasts, slender waist, and dark-haired pussy. "You can't say I'm not old enough any longer."

Mark came closer and looked down. His pecker was growing visibly inside his trousers. "Do you know what you're doing?" he asked quietly.

I caressed my breasts and slid my hand down between my thighs.

"Mark, I'm not a virgin," I said softly. "I've wanted you ever since you moved in. Now, take off your clothes."

He was staring at me as he unbuttoned his shirt and threw it aside. Then he slid off his pants and shorts and stood there, his hand caressing his cock for a moment. It was thick and longer than I'd thought it would be. I pulled up my knees and spread my legs, fingering my twat.

"Come here, Mark," I said softly. He lay down next to me and took me in his arms. His kiss was gentle and his hands were unhurried as he stroked my back, caressing my buns, then

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his fingers stroked my inner thighs. I reached for his cock and gasped at the hot hardness, but he wouldn't let me rush him.

"I've been dreaming of this for months," he said, sitting up, his hands caressing my breasts gently, then moving down to my sloppy pussy. "We're in no hurry, are we?"

He licked my boobs, even kissing my armpits. No one had ever done that. Then he tongued his way down my belly, licking around my pubes, raising my legs high to lap at my buns and the crack of my ass. I was wild for him to kiss my pussy. When he did, he lapped it slowly, licked my clit, then sucked it. I stifled a scream as I had an orgasm.

I clutched his cock and began to kiss and lick it and he let me, offering me his balls to kiss and take in my mouth. When he finally pushed me back and put his big, round cockhead in my pussy, I had another orgasm. He fucked me long and slow and when he finally came I thought I'd go mad with ecstasy. We fucked three more times before he told me I'd better get dressed and go downstairs.

We fuck all the time now. Mom guessed and she asked me if I wanted to marry him but I don't think I do. I'm old enough now to live my own life and I've gotten it on with several other men since that night.

Ms. T.K.
Indiana

A "SHOE-IN"

I'd worked part-time for Mr. S. in his shoe store for two years. I knew the stock but Mr. S. would never let me wait on the women customers because I was "too young."

I graduated from high school and I was eighteen so I told Mr. S. I'd like to work full-time that summer and he said I could if I could wait on cutomers.

"Women are hard to please," he warned me. "It isn't easy to satisfy them. Still, you're a big boy and the ladies think you're handsome."

I blushed. I was too shy to get dates usually and when I did I never seemed to get past a good-night kiss on the cheek. Mr. S. left me in charge the first day and I felt important and adult.

Two women came in. They were twice my age but I liked older women. They looked at shoes and sat in the chairs asking to try on different styles. And they talked as though I was deaf. I was getting an erection as the plump brunette told her bleached-blonde friend about her boyfriend who took her to dinner and then made love to her in her car.

I tried shoes on them, looking up their dresses. They didn't mind. In fact the plump brunette raised her skirts to look at the shoes and I glimpsed her pussy. No briefs, just nylon through which I glimpsed dark hair and her pussy.

They didn't buy shoes but the brunette said she'd be back and gave me a meaningful look. Then two girls from my senior class came in, to "look," they said, but actually to tease. I got an idea when one reacted to the touch of my hands. I caressed her feet and ran my hands up her calves and she got red-faced and asked me if I had to do that. I grinned at her and said, "Not really." They both actually bought shoes.

That first day, I looked up at the crotches of a dozen women. I had a hard-on all day which I tried to conceal. The last customer, a slender lady about forty, flashed her crotch and

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That first day, I looked up at the crotches of a dozen women. I had a hard-on all day

winked at me when I stared.

I had a hard-on and when I stood up with my back to others in the store I let her see my bulging pants. Her eyes widened.

"Oh, my," she said softly. "Did I do that?"

I just looked at her and she looked around. Mr. S. had several customers. We couldn't talk.

"If I stop in tomorrow morning, will you have those shoes ready?" she asked. I said I would. She left. When I went home I jacked off twice thinking of all the pussy I'd looked at and sniffed after all day.

In the morning, Mr. S. went for coffee. I figured he had a girl friend somewhere he fucked. I hooked up the vac and did the store. Just as I was putting it away, the forty-year old woman paused just inside the door. She wore a pleated white dress sheer enough for me to see it all.

She saw me and smiled.

"There you are, young man," she said, coming toward me. She sat in one of the chairs and smiled up at me. She deliberately lifted her dress halfway up her thighs, which were apart. "May I try that last pair of shoes on again?" I sat on the stool in front of her and slipped off her shoe. I squeezed her foot slightly, then caressed her ankle and calf. She looked down, a half smile on her face. "You have a lovely touch."

Her legs were wide and she slid lower. I found myself looking at her naked pussy. "I dressed for the occasion," she murmured. "Do you like what I'm not wearing?"

I was redfaced but too horny to back out now. "No one is in the back room," I blurted. She looked around, then got up and walked toward the curtained doorway in back. I followed, my swollen cock cramped inside my tight jeans. Inside, in the stockroom, with a packing table in the middle and stacks of shoes on shelves on each side, she swung to face me. I grabbed her. I'd never kissed an older woman but I was too hot to be bashful. She molded her slender, soft curves against me and her tongue thrust between my lips. She moved her hips against my cock and then reached down. She unbuckled my belt, unzipped my pants, and had my cock trapped between her thighs in seconds.

"On the table, darling," she murmured. She lifted herself up, leaned way back with her dress high around her waist, and I found that my cock was just at the right height to slide inside her lubricated, hot pussy. I fucked her nice and slow, then faster, and shot my load before I was ready. I cursed, thinking it

was over. She took my hanky and mopped her pussy, squeezing her legs on it, then kissed me and fondled my softening cock. Before I knew it, I was hard again. She caressed it and slipped it back in, telling me to take my time.

I did and it was the most terrific experience I ever had. When we finished, she bought two pair of shoes and told me she'd send all her friends to the store. She did and I fucked four of them.

I love working as a shoe salesman. It was worth waiting all that time to be old enough for the job.

Mr. C.N.
Maryland

GOOD TIMING

Boy, talk about good timing. My eighteenth birthday was on the day before the Senior Prom—and for the dance I had a date with Bryan, the school's football quarterback. I would be legally of age to do all sorts of wonderful things, like suck Bryan's cock and get fucked by him. I was finally a woman, and he and I could do it at last. We'd had a few dates during the past semester, but I wouldn't let him do anything. I was so close to the right age that I wanted to wait so there'd be no problem. It turned out there was a problem anyway, and the problem was Bryan.

Things started out okay. Bryan and I did a lot of dancing, including the slow kind where we held each other close. Bryan pushed his crotch up against mine. To encourage him, I pressed my crotch against his, and even gave a little wiggle. He liked that.

After a while, he said, "Now that you're of age, Jan, suppose we go out to the car and do some adult stuff."

"Like what?" I teased him.

"Like fucking," he said. "I'm gonna bust that cherry of yours wide open!"

That wasn't a very romantic way of putting it. But I really was very, very horny, and I wanted Bryan to "bust my cherry," as he so colorfully put it. I just hoped it wouldn't hurt too much. I said, "Okay, let's go."

Bryan didn't need any urging. He took me out into the parking lot and we got into the back seat of his big car. In a way it was kind of romantic because the night was cool and the sky was filled with stars and we could hear the orchestra playing in the background. Bryan pushed me back on the seat, lifted my dress, pulled down my panties. I heard his zipper snicking down, and I lifted my head to see his big cock pop out ready for action. All that rubbing on the dance floor had gotten it up good and hard. Then he moved on top of me, and I felt the tip of his cock pushing at my pussy.

He was lapping my pussy with his tongue. The fact that Bryan's jism was still decorating it didn't seem to faze him at all

"Come on, Bryan, stick it in!" I told him eagerly. "Fuck my pussy!"

He seemed to be having trouble finding the hole. He started cursing and poking more frantically. In desperation, I reached down and took his cock in my hand to guide it up inside me. But as soon as my hand gripped him, he started shooting off. I felt his juice splatter over the outside of my pussy. Talk about bad timing!

"You bastard!" I shouted. "I wanted you to fuck me, not shoot all over me!"

"I'm sorry," he said in an irritated tone. "You just make me too excited. I'll be up hard again in a few minutes if you suck me."

"Go suck yourself!" I told him angrily.

I opened the car door, got out, and flounced away, heading back toward the dance. I was intercepted by a dark figure, who said in a soft voice, "Anything I can do to help?"

"No," I said.

He smiled. "I can do a better job of making love to you, Jan, than that punk football hero."

I hadn't recognized him in the darkness. It was my English teacher, Mr. H__, a handsome, middle-aged man a lot of the girls had a crush on. Including me. Before I could think of how to react to his offer, he was on his knees in front of me, with my dress lifted, and he was lapping my pussy with his tongue. The fact that Bryan's jism was still decorating it didn't seem to faze him at all; he just licked it all over—and within seconds I was shivering with pleasure and didn't want him to stop. He didn't stop, either, until I had an orgasm about a minute later.

It was wonderful. I knew then that I'd do anything for this man—anything and everything. I didn't protest as he led me through the darkness of the parking lot to where his big station wagon waited. He had a thin mattress in the back, and I wondered how many girls had been laid on it. Not that it mattered. I knew that I was going to be the next one. We stretched out. He unbuttoned my dress and kissed my exposed nipples. He lifted my dress, took out his cock, and slid it easily between my pussylips. He took it slow and easy, kissing my nipples and my mouth as his cock stretched my membrane. When it popped I let out a little gasp. He asked me if I was all right. I smiled and told him I was more than all right. I loved his kisses. I loved his cock imbedded deep

inside my virginal pussy.

"Fuck me," I told him, "fuck me, fuck, me!"

And so he fucked me. I was glad then that Bryan hadn't done it. This man with me was kind and gentle and considerate. He made my first time a wonderful experience. I guess the timing was pretty good, after all!

Miss J.B.
Texas

GETTING A RAISE

It wasn't much of a job, but I was only eighteen and just out of high school, and even a dull office job of filing and light typing was better than nothing—at least until I figured out what I was going to do with my life. Millie, the female boss's daughter, who also worked in the office, had some ideas of her own about my immediate future.

"You sure you're eighteen?" she asked me.

"A month ago was my birthday," I said.

"Good," she said with a smile, "then you're old enough." I was afraid to ask old enough for what, but I didn't have to, because she went on, "You a virgin?"

"Huh?"

"Ever been laid?" I was blushing furiously by this time, and I almost shit my pants when Millie reached out and grabbed my pecker right through my pants. "Did you ever stick this up a girl's twat?" She squeezed it and added: "Now's your chance. Meet me in the stock room at three o'clock."

We went back to our duties, but I was sweating like crazy. No girl had ever done that to me before. Sure, I wanted to get laid—who wouldn't?—but I wasn't sure Millie was the one I wanted for my first time. Or my second or third either. She was a blazing redhead, with a lot of freckles and a kind of chunky figure, and she had a plain face. In my fantasies I'd always pictured a tall, willowy, shapely dark-haired girl with the face of an angel. Still, beggars can't be choosers, as Confucious or somebody used to say, and the more I thought about it, the more excited I became.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the boss called me into her office and asked me if I was going to screw her daughter in the stock room at three o'clock. For the second time that day I couldn't believe my ears. Holy shit, Millie must've told her mother about us. The woman, an older copy of her daughter, laughed at my embarrassment and told me it was okay. She said her daughter didn't have many dates, and it would be a personal favor to both of them if I gave Millie a good time. She added that if I did a good job, I'd even get a raise in my paycheck the following week. I swear I'd

She twisted around again, and took my prick in her mouth once more. When I came, she swallowed the whole load

never even heard about anything like this happening to a guy. Anyway, I mumbled a promise to do my best.

We all had our breaks at three o'clock and promptly at that hour Millie hustled me into the stock room and locked the door. In a flash she was out of her clothes and urging me to get undressed. I got undressed, all the while looking at her body. Naked, she looked a lot better than with clothes. Her breasts were full and firm, and the rest of her matched. She was covered from head to toe with freckles.

No sooner was I undressed than she hugged me and kissed me and pulled me down onto the floor with her. Her hands were all over me as she tongue-kissed me, but her fingers stayed in my crotch more than anyplace else. It didn't take more than a few strokes and pulls of her fingers to get me up good and hard. Then she took my prick in her mouth and sucked it greedily. I tell you frankly, when she was doing that she looked absolutely beautiful.

My prick was throbbing like crazy, but Millie said, "Don't come yet." She twisted around and sat on me, holding my prick so it went right up inside her twat. Then she moved up and down and bent over so I could play with her tits. When she did that, she looked more beautiful than ever. I played with her tits while she fucked me, and when I was about to come for sure, she

lifted herself off, twisted around again, and took my prick in her mouth once more. When I came, she swallowed the whole load.

The whole thing took us only ten minutes, but it was the best damn orgasm I'd ever had. This happened a couple of weeks ago, and I did get a raise in my pay. But it's the raise in my crotch that is more important to me now, and Millie and I do it several times a week. I might not stay here forever, but I'll bet I'll never have a more satisfying job than this one. Not bad for a guy my age, right?

Mr. A.Z.
Wisconsin

THE BI WAY

SUMMER SIZZLER

Each year my husband, a dentist, rents a cottage at the beach where, for a month, we can get away from the heat of the city and enjoy the cool ocean breezes. Jack, my husband, works in his office during the week and joins our two teenage sons and me on the weekend.

One evening when my sons were away on an overnight sailing cruise, I was visiting with the lady next door. Mary was an attractive woman in her early forties. Her husband was a doctor and he, like my husband, only came to the beach on weekends.

Mary and I were sipping champagne, and gradually our conversation got around to sex. She asked me if I didn't get a little horny waiting for my husband to come and screw me on the weekend. I told her I had no problem, because when my pussy itched, I got out my vibrator and masturbated to an orgasm.

When she asked me if I had ever made love with another woman, I replied in the negative. She told me that she had, and went on to describe what it was like and how it excited her much more than making love with her husband.

As she went on with her detailed and graphic descriptions, I began to feel a twitch in my pussy and I dropped my hand to my crotch to give my pussy a little scratch.

After thirty minutes of sipping champagne and hearing her descriptions of the pleasure one woman can give another, I offered no resistance when she drew my lips to hers and she slipped her hot tongue into my mouth.

She expertly removed my halter top and my breasts pushed out like a pair of headlights. When she sucked my tongue and her fingers stroked my erect nipples, I felt a warm glow be-

What they did to her in prison;
two couples—the girls and the guys;
plunging into the plumber's helper

She buried her head between my legs and I felt her hot tongue licking the lips of my sizzling pussy

tween my legs and squirmed in my chair. I had experienced my first climax with Mary.

She suggested we go into her bedroom and get out of our clothes, and she would give me an orgasm that would remain in my memory for a long time. I was hotter than a pot-belly stove in January, and I followed like a puppy on a leash as she led the way to her bedroom.

Once we were out of our clothes, Mary started giving me a tongue bath, licking my body with feather-like strokes. My nipples are my big turn-on and I was moaning in ecstasy as she massaged them to the hardness of pebbles. Her tongue caressed almost every part of my body except for my sex. When she buried her head between my legs and I felt her hot tongue licking the lips of my sizzling pussy, I went into orbit and thrashed on the bed like someone had driven a hot poker in my ass.

It was not pain that I felt, but a feeling that my insides were pouring out of my cunt in one of the most intense orgasms I had ever experienced. I screamed in ecstasy, bucked, trembled, and clawed Mary's back. My body churned with passion, and my juices flowed like a river overflowing at flood stage.

When I was too exhausted to cum any more, Mary gave my pussy a final lick, and we went to sleep in each other's arms.

The next day, with instructions I received from Mary, I returned the pleasure that she had given me the previous night.

While Mary has introduced me to a different lifestyle that excites me beyond description, we both feel the need for a hard cock to thump our pussies. Mary has given me some hints on how to seduce another woman so that I will be able to find a partner when I return home at the end of the summer.

Mrs. S.D.
Connecticut

PLUMBER'S HELPER

Tits against tits. Pussy grinding against pussy. What a sight!! I will never forget the night I discovered Tina's secret. Tina is my apprentice plumber. Being the male chauvinist that I am, I was plenty pissed when the union assigned her to me. I gave her a rough time. I was trying to prove this is one business that isn't for women. Tina proved me wrong. Not only can she handle the job, but she turned out to be one of the most erotic and sexy pieces I've encountered in a long time.

How I found out that she was bisexual is, one night, after I had given her a particularly rough time, I wanted to apologize. I was really being a fucking bastard. So I found myself in front of her door and I noticed that the lights were on in the front room. I peered through a gap in the drapes and what a sight I saw!

Tina and this chick were going at one another with an impassioned frenzy. They were humping one another by rubbing their cunts together. Their tits lay crushed between them and their tongues entwined in a deep French kiss. I did not know if I should knock or run. I stood mesmerized, watching the show. After a while, Tina took the stick end of what we call the plumber's helper, or plunger, as most folks do, and delicately pushed it a little way up into her friend's cunt.

Tina worked that pole in and out of her friend's cunt like it was a cock. Her friend fingered her clit while her cunt was being fucked like that. She was moaning real loud. That's when I turned to leave. I tripped over something in the dark and made a great bit of noise myself. That's when all the moaning and action inside stopped.

Suddenly the porch lights were on and there was Tina standing in front of me, wrapped in a sexy, skimpy robe. I did not know what to say, but as Tina looked at me, she noticed

Tina got next to us and fingered my ass while I pumped wildly in and out of her friend's cunt. I shot another hot load deep into her friend

the now flagging boner I had developed while watching their show through the window. Without a word, she took my hand and led me inside. I was very uneasy. She did not say anything about what I might have been doing, but introduced me to her friend and told me I was welcome to stay.

We sat awkwardly on the couch for a short while and then her friend suddenly stood up and said, "Aw, heck!". With that she shrugged off the thin, low-cut robe she had donned and revealed to me an almost-perfect pair of tits. They were perky and high with big, pointy, rose-colored nipples. Her bush was thickly thatched and a reddish brown color. I started to grow hard again. She approached Tina and started to lay one of those impassioned kisses, like I had witnessed earlier, on her. Tina reached out to me and took my hand.

She placed it inside her robe, on her warm, soft tit. I began to finger her nipple and felt it grow hard under my touch. Her friend then reached for my growing boner and felt it

through my pants. She dropped to her knees and freed my now-rampant cock from my pants. Once she had it free, she wrapped her lips around it and proceeded to give me one hell of a blow-job. I came deep inside that warm, exciting mouth of hers.

Then I figured it was my turn to return the favor. By now I had lost most of my awkward feelings and hadn't yet begun to worry about seeing Tina on the job in the morning. I positioned Tina on the couch with her legs spread, and began to eat her hot, wet pussy. After she had cum, I was hard again and positioned her friend on her hands and knees and entered her cunt from the rear. Tina got next to us and fingered my ass while I pumped wildly in and out of her friend's cunt.

I shot another hot load deep into her friend. After that Tina wanted to fuck, but I was too worn out. Her friend went and got the plumber's helper and, while I ate Tina's clit, she gently and slowly pumped that stick in and out of Tina's creaming pussy. Tina pulled on her nipples as she came and poured her cunt juices into my egerly awaiting mouth. What a night! I left soon after that, as I was worn out and it was late. The two girls had performed a sixty-nine for me and had dozed off in each other's arms.

The next morning I was apprehensive about seeing Tina, but when she saw me, she only smiled and asked how I was. I replied, "Fine," and let it go. We went to work. At one stop she brought out her plumber's helper and smiled a broad smile at me. I immediately got hard, thinking about the night before. Tina noticed my situation and said that if I could hold out until we were finished on this job, we could find someplace where she could clear my pipes.

Needless to say, she sucked me off with a terrific expertise. Now Tina, Louise and I are a regular threesome. I'm sure glad that I stumbled in the dark that night.

Mr. G.A.
Ohio

DOUBLE FEATURE

My head still reels when I think about the cock-stiffening experience I had at the movies last week. It's one of those theaters that always shows porno films, and I have to confess that I'm a fuck-film addict. Yeah, I know most people have a VCR and rent video cassettes instead of going to a theater, but it just isn't the same. I don't own a VCR and wouldn't have one if they gave it to me. I don't care whether it's a triple-X flick or an Academy-Award-winner, there's nothing like the big screen for watching a movie.

Anyway, I'm sitting in my seat

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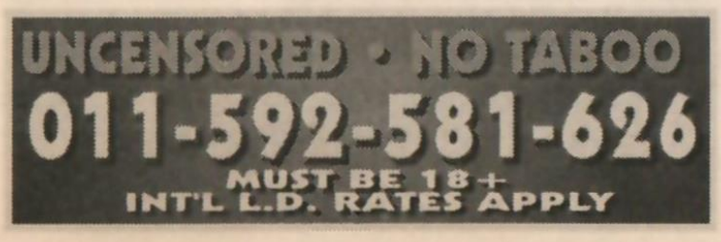
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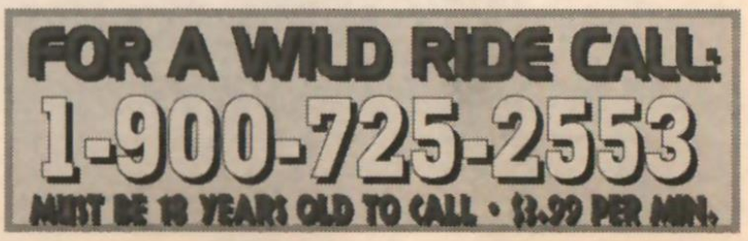
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and I've got a hard-on a mile long down my pants leg. Up on the screen this blonde is bobbing her head up and down on the biggest cock-sausage you or I ever saw. I mean, this guy's schlong is humongous, and about as thick around as you could get and still fit it into a woman's mouth. The veins on it are bulging and the head of it is all swollen and purplish. And the blonde is just sucking the hell out of it, her saliva drooling out of her mouth and down the length of the actor's cock.

Out of the corner of my eye I see movement. I glance to my right and I see this woman sit down in the seat at the end of my row. I am really surprised because I had never seen a woman in that theater before unless she was with some stud, and there were few of them.

I try to go back to watching the action on the screen, but I find myself constantly looking over at the woman in my row. She is fairly attractive, about 30, with dark brown hair and very big tits that push out the sweater she's wearing real good. As I look at her, she turns her head from the screen and looks directly back at me and smiles. Finally I make a little motion with my head that she should move over next to me, and she does.

Well, we sit there without saying a word. My heart is pounding so hard, I'm sure she can hear it. On the screen this couple is sixty-nining and the close-ups almost make me faint. I'm trying to figure out how to begin with the woman next to me when she just reaches over and begins rubbing my thigh. Her hand creeps higher until it is right over my crotch. She kind of lets out a *coo* when she feels my hard bulge, then starts fumbling around until she has pulled down my zipper. My huge cock just leaps out as if it is some sort of living creature, filling the girl's hand.

I stare dumbly at the screen while she jacks on my cock. I feel as if I am in a dream or something. And then she bends her head down and begins sucking my cock. She gobbles at it like it is food, and I realize that she really enjoys sucking cock. The feelings she is giving me become more intense when she jams her hand down my pants and starts playing with my balls. I go wild. I don't even notice the young dude who slips into my row of seats and sits down on the other side of me.

The girl looks up without letting my cock leave her mouth. She seems puzzled for a moment, then shrugs and resumes sucking my now-throbbing dick. I give the guy a side-ways glance and see that he's in his 20s and cute. Right away I notice his Sal Mineo lips, real thick and sensuous, and I find myself thinking and wondering how they'd feel wrapped tightly

around my cock. Which is kind of weird when I think back on it now, because there I am getting my cock sucked by a good-looking chick, and I'm thinking about this dude doing the same thing to me. What is even weirder is that the guy does suck my cock.

He puts his head down in my lap and kind of nudges the girl over until they're both nibbling on the head of it. I'm going crazy. I don't know what to do, so I just sit there, watching the fucking and sucking on the screen, while the two of them take turns sucking my cock.

It finally reaches the point when I can't hold back any longer. With a strangled groan, I rear up and push my pelvis into the girl's face. I begin pumping my cock into her mouth, shooting load after load of cum down her throat. She gulps it all down like a pro. The dude grabs hold of my cock then and pulls it away from her, plopping it back into his mouth. He sucks and licks it all over, making sure I'm clean and dry.

I am still hot and excited. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I cease being passive and put a hand in each of their laps. The girl is wearing a dress and it's easy to slip my hand underneath. She isn't wearing panties and her cunt is dripping wet. I sink two fingers into her hole as I pinch her clit with a thumb and forefinger. She gasps as I begin a frigging action, squeezing her legs tightly around my hand.

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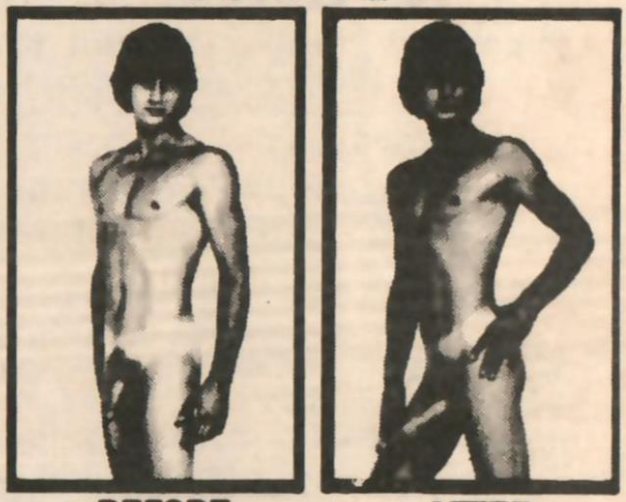

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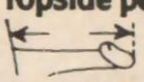

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BIG MAX

My left hand finds a mountainous bulge in the crotch next to me. The guy has already unbuckled and unzipped and in moments I am pulling his giant cock from its sheath. With incredible dexterity, I continue to frig the girl as I attempt to put the young man's cock into my mouth.

The dude pulls my head tightly against him, almost roughly. My lips stretch, my jaw aches, but finally I've got the monster in my mouth. When he thrusts upward, the thing slides down my throat like a great slippery eel. It feels wonderful; I never had a cock this big before.

And then the young woman is orgasming, coming all over my fingers. I feel her gushing juices as she moans softly. The dude pumps and pumps his delicious cum into my mouth until I think I'm going to drown in it. I love it so much, I don't spill a drop of his cream. They both leave soon after that, never saying a word to me or to each other.

I don't even know if they knew each other. It doesn't matter. I'm going back there tonight and maybe I'll run into one or both of them again. I hope so.

Mr. J.T.
California

JAILBITE

I want to relate this story because I think it may be unique. I don't mean what happened to me in prison was unique, but just the way I reacted afterwards.

One after the other, they took turns squatting over my face, pushing their gaping pussies right into my nose

I was young and I loved to go to parties, like most girls my age. I got involved with smoking a little dope and then later there was cocaine. Anyway, I got busted and the prick judge gave me not more than a year and not less than six months in the state correctional institution.

Now understand, up until that time, I was just another normal, fun-seeking 18-year-old. I liked guys and I'd had sex with a couple of them. And guys liked me. They still do. And why not? Even today, at 20, I've still got the cherubic face of an innocent child but the body of an older, well-developed woman. I guess this combination of virginal innocence and physical maturity was what got me into trouble right from the start.

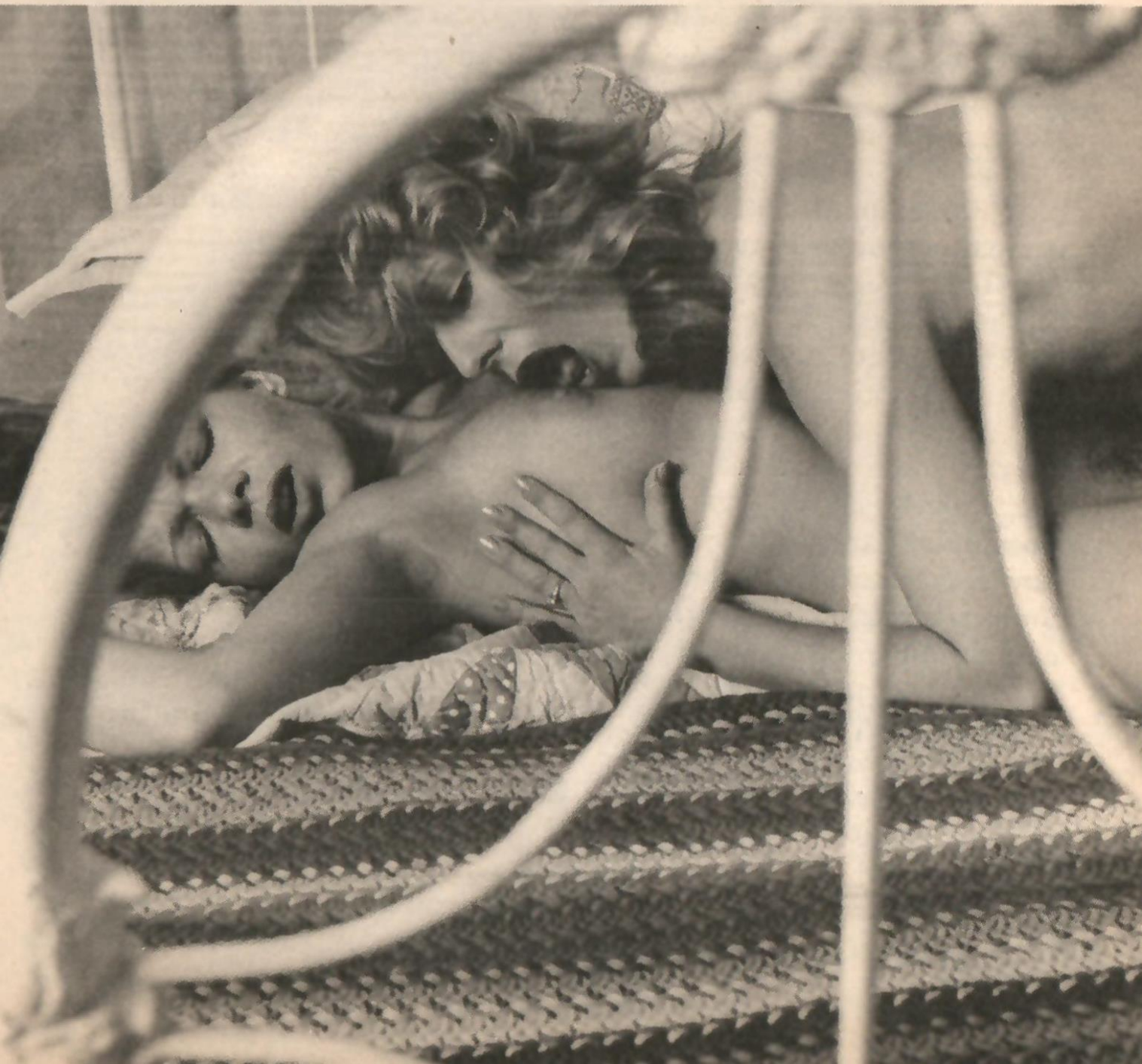
The first time was in the showers. I guess they had it all planned out. I was enjoying the needle spray of the warm water against my naked skin when four girls, convicts, approached me. I didn't think much of it at first.

Hell, there were a dozen shower heads in the place and it wasn't unusual for most of them to be in use at one time or another. Bathing time was flexible so that all the girls didn't converge on the showers at the same time.

I'd forgotten, or maybe I was never aware really that there were no guards in the shower room. In any event, I didn't pay much attention to the four who entered the showers while I was bathing.

Well, one girl came right up to me, put an arm around my waist and said: "You wanna be my lover, sweetie?" I couldn't help it; I cringed and pulled away. That's when her face got all mean and nasty-looking. She couldn't have been more than 26, but with her ultra-short hair and masculine features, she reminded me of a combination of Bogart and Ida Lupino, the actress who used to play the role of a sadistic prison matron in many old films.

Anyway, this dyke threw me to the floor and spread my legs apart. Another girl held my arms down while a third clamped down on my legs. And



then they all did their thing. Ida buried her face in my cunt, licking at my mound wildly. While she did that, another girl began biting my breasts, but not very hard. It was more like nibbling. I was angry and I thrashed about, trying to fight them off. But I was secretly enjoying "Ida's" tongue in my pussy and the other girl's gentle bites on my tits.

One after the other, they took turns squatting over my face, pushing their gaping pussies right into my nose. They threatened me with the vilest of punishments if I didn't lick and suck their cunts. I was confused, angry, afraid and, in spite of it all, somewhat turned on. I did as they ordered and ate them out, all four of them.

The make-believe Ida Lupino, and another girl, confronted me in the library a few days later. I guess they had paid off the matron in some way, because no one said anything when they took me behind the stacks and put their hands all over me. Ida—her real name was Arlene—French-kissed me like a man, shoving her tongue down my throat as she felt up my breasts and pussy. This time I had no anger. She was really turning me on. My own behaviour puzzled me, but I felt a genuinely strong attraction for this aggressive young woman, and for the other girl as well.

The other girl, Lily, had a clit that was almost as big as a man's cock. At one point she had yanked my panties down and shoved herself between my legs, rubbing that protruding mound with its mini-dick into my pussy so vigorously that I came at least twice. I sucked off both of them until they reached orgasm, and then they made me come two more times.

When I was released from prison, I was a changed woman. Maybe my sexual orientation had been there all the time, but jail certainly brought it all out. I am a true bisexual, a person who can enjoy sex with either a man or a woman. I proved that on the same day I got out. That night I met a guy in a bar, went to his place and fucked his brains out.

I may, however, like women just a tad more.

Ms. K.L.
Michigan

GOING BI BI

It was planned as a fun weekend for the four of us—my buddy Jim, me, and our girlfriends, Janet and Carol. We'd go down to San Diego to visit the zoo on Saturday, stay overnight in a motel, and then drive back up the coast on Sunday. I know it's terribly old-fashioned, but Jim wasn't having sex with Janet yet and I wasn't with Carol. We hoped the overnight stay would change that. It would be only natural for one couple to be in one room and the other

I tore my gaze from the sight of my cock disappearing in his mouth and came face-to-crotch with his stiff cock just a couple of inches from my mouth

couple in the other room.

That's not the way it worked out, though. Despite all our hints and pouting, Janet and Carol insisted that the girls share one room and the guys another.

"Shit," Jim said when we were alone in our room, "and I've got me a hard-on just looking for a place to go."

"Yeah, me too," I said.

We hadn't taken along any pajamas, so we just stripped and got into the big double bed and turned out the lights. I thought about the two girls in the next room, about them getting undressed, about how they'd look completely naked—and my cock started twitching. Automatically, I reached down and soothed it with my fingers.

"What's that?" Jim said suddenly.

We held very still and listened. There were sounds coming through the paper-thin walls from the next room, where the girls were. Sounds of bedsprings squeaking. Sounds of girls gasping. Squishing sounds as though fingers were being inserted in wet pussies. Sounds of giggling.

"They're having sex with each other," Jim said. "No wonder they didn't want us—the bitches!"

We lay there in the darkness and listened to the sounds, picturing Janet and Carol crawling nakedly over each other, kissing nipples, fingering pussies, licking slits, sixty-nining. After a moment I heard Jim's hesitant voice in the semi-darkness. "Have you ever made it with a guy, Bill?"

"No, of course not," I said quickly.

It was a lie, and Jim knew it. In college I'd fooled around with some of the guys in my fraternity when we'd gotten horny. Nothing serious, just mutual masturbation and a little sucking. I almost jumped off the bed when I felt Jim's hand on my naked crotch, grabbing my cock and balls.

"It does the job," Jim said in a voice hoarse with passion.

I didn't know how to react, but my cock did. Under Jim's fondling fingers it got hard as rock. It felt damned good, too. Oh, what the hell. I reached over and began stroking Jim's cock. It was long and thick and hard. As I stroked it, it throbbed against my palm. I ran my hand up and down the shaft and then under the balls, which I squeezed gen-

tly. In the next room the girls were thrashing around and squealing and having a good time without us. Well, we could have just as good a time without them!

We didn't do any kissing, but we held each other close and moved our cocks against each other in sensuous thrusting movements that got us harder and more excited than ever. I tell you it sure beat jerking off by myself. But Jim had even greater plans for us.

"Mind if I suck your cock, buddy?" he asked me.

"Be my guest," I told him.

He turned on the nightstand lamp. "I like to see what I'm doing," he said.

Twisting around, he took my balls and my shaft and held them gently as he touched the tip of his tongue to the tip of my cock. I shuddered with pleasure as his tongue circled the knob. I knew that Jim was a cocksman with the ladies, but this was a side of him I'd never suspected. He was a damned good cocksucker. He licked my flesh up and down and then put it in his mouth and sucked. It was a hell of a sensation.

I tore my gaze from the sight of my cock disappearing in his mouth and came face-to-crotch with his stiff cock just a couple of inches from my mouth. His flesh was smooth and was very tasty-looking, and suddenly my mouth began watering for it. I hadn't sucked a cock in years, and now I wanted to try it again to see what I'd been missing. I took it in my mouth and began sucking. Jim's moans told me how much he liked that maneuver.

I sure liked what he was doing to me. He was a much better cocksucker than I was, but I was

in there trying, and I managed to get him off a few seconds before I had my own orgasm. Each of us swallowed the other's jism as fast as it gushed out. It was terrific.

It had been a long day, and the sexual exercise made us sleepy enough to fall into a deep slumber. Before I lost consciousness I was aware that the the girls were still going at it in the other room.

It wasn't long after that that Jim and I both made it with our girl friends, and we're fucking them regularly now. Still, once in a while we both get that urge

for a taste of raw male meat—and you know what happens then.

Mr. W.J.
California

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Normally I don't fool around with married guys, but Ron just got to me at the right time. I'd taken a shower and was in my bathrobe. I was horny as hell, just itching to get out one of my favorite dildos or vibrators and go to town on my pussy and have a half dozen orgasms to relieve the pressures that had built up inside me. Ron and Elinor lived in the apartment next door, and they seemed like a nice enough couple. In fact, sometimes their lovemaking turned me on. Our bedrooms were separated by a wall that wasn't all that sound proof, and when they got enthusiastic with their fucking I could hear almost every squish of his cock in her pussy.

I tried to get rid of him when he came to the door, but he was obviously distraught, so I figured I could listen to him for a couple of minutes anyway, good neighbor that I was. He said Elinor was being bitchy and wouldn't let him touch her, and he was horny as shit, and he thought maybe if I wasn't doing anythying...

And right then and there he unzipped his pants and let his cock slide out into view!

What I should have done, of course, was kick the son of a bitch in the balls and tell him to get the hell out of my apartment. But I was stunned. My mouth hung open in astonishment as I looked at his long, thick cock dangling there. What the hell did he think I was that he could come barging in, expecting me to service him because he had a quarrel with his wife? I'd never given him any encouragement. Sure he'd smiled at me and I'd smiled back, but that was hardly an invitation for a seduction.

While I was standing there in a state of shock, wondering what to do, he grabbed me and kissed me, and pressed his cock up against my body in thrusting motions. Well, of course my robe fell open and his cock slid into my pubic hair and up along my belly. He pushed the robe farther apart and began sucking my nipples. As I said, I was horny before he got there, and suddenly I didn't give a shit that he was married; all I cared about was that he had a long, thick cock that could do me some good. I reached down, grabbed his cock, gave it a squeeze. He grinned, scooped me up, and carried me into the bedroom.

I sucked him and he fucked me and we had a great time. It wasn't until I'd had a couple of orgasms and he'd shot his load into my pussy that I regained my senses. I told him to get the hell out and never come back again. He left, grinning, the son-of-a-

She kissed and licked my crotch and my pussy. It made my fuck session with her husband seem like foreplay

bitch!

I went into the bathroom and took a fast douche and a shower. When I got back to my bedroom, I got another shock. Elinor was there, waiting for me, fire in her eyes. She started calling me every filthy name she could think of, and I responded by calling her and her maniac husband some names. She threw herself at me, and we wrestled around, clawing and pulling hair. She had a slight advantage over me because I was naked, but I managed to rip her blouse and her skirt before we tumbled backwards onto the bed.

I was on top, holding down her arms, when we both paused to catch our breaths. She stared up at me and then at my tits dangling right in front of her face. Her eyes glazed and she husked, "You're beautiful. I can't blame Ron for wanting you." And she lifted her head and began licking and sucking my nipples and kissing my breasts. I was so surprised I let go of her, and with a twist of her body she rolled me over onto my back. She kissed my breasts some more, and then she kissed me on the mouth, working her tongue past my lips in smooth, darting movements. Then she squeezed my breasts and kissed her way down along my belly. I could have gotten away then, I'm sure, but I'm also sure I didn't want to. I knew where that mouth of Elinor's was heading, and I wanted it to reach its destination. I'd made it with other girls before, but not recently, and I wanted to experience it again.

When Elinor reached my crotch, her mouth and tongue went wild. She kissed and licked my crotch and my pussy, and before long I was having another series of orgasms that kept on going and going. It was wonderful. It made my fuck session with her husband seem like foreplay.

While we rested, she told me she'd heard Ron and me through the bedroom walls, and she was madder than hell, but she'd waited for Ron to leave so she could confront me alone. I told her it had been one hell of a confrontation—and I kissed her warmly, wetly on the lips. Of course that led to other things, like her undressing, like us fondling and kissing each other, like us sixty-nining, and like us having an uncountable number of orgasms—and like us promising to do this again and often.

It certainly pays being a good neighbor!

Miss E.A.
New Hampshire

SAFE SEX FUN

The minister's daughter; let your fingers do the fucking; how horny college girls do it safely

FINGERPLAY

It happened on one of those long-distance buses, a Trailways super-cruiser or something. You know—big, wide seats, with the high backs that can be adjusted up and down. Anyway, this good-looking guy gets on and asks me if the seat next to me is taken. I give him a quick once-over and decide that I like what I see, including the bulge in his crotch. So I smile my best smile and tell him to be my guest. I figure a little knee-rubbing with a cute guy would make the long ride easier to take.

Well, he did a lot more than rub knees with me. We got to talking and hit it off pretty good. Before I knew it, his hand was snaking along my thigh, up under my skirt, and his tongue was practically down my throat. I started grabbing for him but he nudged me away and told me to relax and enjoy what he was going to do next. Then he got his hand inside the elastic band of my panties and worked them down until they were around my ankles.

My juices really started to flow when he fingered my clit, rubbing it up and down and around. Then he slid several fingers into my vagina and it felt good, almost as if there were a cock shoved into me. He plunged his fingers in and out of me until I came. It was an intense climax that made me shudder all over again and again.

I sucked him off after that, until he shot his load down my throat, and that was an enjoyable experience, but I'll never forget what he did for me with his fingers.

It was this experience on the bus that made me first realize how important fingerplay is to sex. I found I could put my own

He saw me in bed with two guys and one of them was shoving his huge, erect cock in and out, pounding away at my buttocks, while the other guy's cock was in my mouth

fingers to good use, both on myself as well as on men. There are many ways to manipulate a cock, and every man has his own preference.

Some guys like to be grasped along the middle of the shaft with the whole hand, while others prefer using just the thumb and one finger. Some men enjoy slow, easy strokes, while others insist on the rapid-fire method right from the start. Another variation that some men enjoy is for me to jerk the penis up and down with one hand while I rub the cockhead with the palm or fingers of my other hand.

I also discovered how I could use fingerplay and fantasy to get off. It's really a nice change-of-pace from straight fucking. Women need variety, too, just like men do. I'm tired of hearing how men are the only ones who need a change of scenery.

I was shacked up with this guy I know and, while I lay on the bed fingering my clit, he was telling me about this dream he had. He described in vivid, graphic detail how he saw me in bed with two guys and one of them was shoving his huge, erect cock in and out of my asshole, pounding away at my buttocks, while the other guy's cock was in my mouth.

I rubbed my cunt furiously as he told me how the one guy shot his cream into my ass at the same time that the other guy got off in my mouth. I found I could visualize the cum dripping from my lips and down my chin and almost feel my asshole being flooded. I must have climaxed half a dozen times using my fingers.

This is, of course, all fantasy. Even the bus episode is now ancient history. Today I wouldn't think of swallowing semen, and I'm very cautious about anal sex (with a rubber on, of course). I always keep one thought in mind now when I want an enjoyable sexual experience: *Let your fingers do the fucking.*

Ms. C.L.
Illinois

ROLLING IN IT

I love how my body glistens and reflects the lights when I look at myself in the mirror near my bed. I rub the precious fluid all over my skin and revel in how I feel. My lover sits there, next to

me, with a satisfied look on his face.

I have definitely found a new turn-on as well as a safe way to have sex these days. I let my lovers cum all over me. Just as they are getting to the point of no return, I will position myself in a provocative pose and ask them to do it all over me. I rub the cum into my skin and literally roll in it. Best of all, I like for my lover to shoot his wad all over my tits and then roll his cock in it until my tits are covered with his love cream.

I like to stroke my pussy while my lover is jerking his cock off on me. Sometimes I will jerk him off as he buries his fingers deep inside my hot throbbing cunt. I like to get my fingers full of my own pussy juices and then wrap them around his meaty organ and lubricate it in that manner. Sometimes I will spread my pussy juices all over my thighs and have my lover lie on me with his rod between my soft thighs. He can sort of hump me in that way and my clit gets stimulated. I often cum in this position. I can feel the glans of his penis rubbing against my love nub and I get hot. I begin to move my hips in unison with his and before you know it, I am getting off and cumming like crazy.

Best of all, while my love is rubbing his cock between my legs, he can be sucking on my tits. I have great tits. They are big, without being too large, and are soft and not droopy at all. My nipples are dark and pointy. They're just right for sucking on. My bush is thick and soft and my pussy is like liquid fire. It's hot and wet.

Many times I will eat my lover if he is wearing a condom. I get a warm washcloth and wipe it off so it doesn't have a funny taste and then I will go to town. I lick and suck that cock of his until he is about ready to shoot his load. That's when I will ask him to cum on me. I love the feeling of that hot cum fluid as it splashes on my fevered body.

While I am playing with my lover's cock, I will suck his balls into my eager mouth and lick them until I can feel them fill with spermy fluid. I like a man that can shoot a lot of cream. Then I can really rub it into my body and enjoy it. My boyfriend took some pictures recently of me covered in his cum. I glistened like I was rubbed with it. I got off just from that!

Sometimes I'll let them fuck me while they're wearing the rubber. After they cum, I like for them to empty it all over me. I like to have that cum fluid on me. My pussy grows hot and wet and I can cum again when I rub

I have definitely found a new turn-on as well as a safe way to have sex these days. I let my lovers cum all over me

the cum into my body.

Most guys are agreeable. It's definitely the safe way these days. I tell my men that I like them to cum on me. Most guys like it. One day I'm going to save all the condom cum in a jar and let my lover body paint me with it. Gosh, I'm getting all hot just thinking about. I will finish this now. My boyfriend should be over soon. I want to be rolling in his cum soon.

Ms. P.M.
Washington

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

After my first couple of weeks at college, after the business of getting settled was taken care of, I started looking around for a steady girl. Being a little afraid of AIDS, I wanted to find a girl that had not been promiscuous.

When I met MaryAnn through a blind date, she was all I could hope for. She was tall, blonde, and built like the proverbial brick house. She told me that she was the daughter of a minister, and her friend who had introduced us told me she was still a virgin.

MaryAnn lived off campus with her married sister and her sister's husband. One weekend MaryAnn and I were at her sister's house alone and necking pretty heavy on the divan. I had an aching boner and was ready to take MaryAnn's cherry if she would let me.

"David, I apologize for getting you so excited, but that excitement goes two ways. I am just as hot as you are, but I made a vow to stay a virgin until I married." She told me this as she got

up and walked over to the wing chair opposite the divan.

My eyeballs almost jumped out of their sockets when she took off her dress and sat naked in the chair. Casually, she put one leg over the arm of the chair and started to caress her body in long sensual strokes, pinching her nipples and tracing her long slender fingers in tiny circles along the inside of her tapered thighs.

When she took her fingers and held her cunt open, and she stretched the lips back as far as

I grasped my iron-hard shaft in one hand while the other cradled my aching balls. I pulled and milked my cock

they would go, I thought my cock was going to explode. Then she slowly inserted her finger into her moisture-covered hole and slowly caressed her exposed slit.

I was going out of my mind as I watched MaryAnn masturbate before my eyes. My cock was throbbing and threatening to explode at almost any second.

"David, why don't you let your cock out of your pants and masturbate with me?"

After her performance in front of me, I was not surprised by what she said. Although I had never jerked off in the presence of another human being, let alone a girl, I unzipped my trousers and hauled my throbbing cock out of hiding.

I grasped my iron-hard shaft in one hand while the other cradled my aching balls. I pulled and milked my cock, seeking the special sensations that I had often rewarded myself with.

MaryAnn was moaning and squirming as her three fingers pumped her dripping pussy while her eyes were glued on my throbbing shaft. My fist was a blur as it moved up and down my shaft, slipping my foreskin over my naked glans. The purple, blood-engorged veins bulged along my shaft.

Moments later, my cock erupted, sending a huge gob of cream out, which settled back on my fist. MaryAnn was moaning ecstatically as her own orgasm surged through her body. As we gazed into each other's eyes, our organs continued to gush out our juices.

After we recovered from our acts of masturbation, we threw my cum-soaked jeans into the washer. While they washed, we went into her bedroom, where her huge dresser mirror provided an excellent view of both of us bringing ourselves to another simultaneous explosive orgasm.

Now, I wouldn't take a dozen beauty queens for my sweet, virgin MaryAnn.

Mr. J.B.
Illinois

SAFE AND SEXY

"I'm dying to fuck your pussy," Larry said.

"Well, *I* 'm not dying" I told him. "You either wear a rubber or we're not going to fuck."

"But, baby," he said plaintively, "that's like washing your feet with your socks on."

"Goodbye, Larry," I said.

Well, of course, to get a piece of ass Larry agreed to use a rubber. His cock was already up

good and hard. I stroked it some more and licked it, staying away from the peehole and any fluid that might be exuded by it. Then I opened up a fresh pack of contraceptives and slid one down over his cock, leaving a reservoir to catch his cum when it spurted out. Okay, so it takes a few seconds longer and maybe isn't quite as good—but this girl isn't taking any chances.

When I put the rubber on him, his flesh started wilting, but I gripped the base tightly and bent down to give his balls a few licks and some sucking and that got him back up again. Then I lay back, spread my legs, and guided his rubber-clad cock up into my pussy.

Mmmmm. That felt good. I clamped my legs around him and he began the in-and-out movements, pumping his hard cock deep into my juicing pussy. All the while he kissed my mouth and bent his head to lick my nipples and the slopes of my breasts. My first orgasm was so violent it shook the bed and forced Larry's cock out of my pussy. He paused for a moment, fumbled between our crotches, stuck it back in, and proceeded to fuck me some more.

It wasn't until several seconds later that I realized that during the fumbling around he'd managed to slip the rubber off his cock and was going in bare. "You son of a bitch!" I grated through clenched teeth, and bucked around trying to throw him off. But he held me tightly and plowed even faster and deeper. At the last minute I managed to push him back far enough so that his cock slipped out of my pussy a split second before it started gushing out streams of milky juice all over my belly. I waited until he'd finished before I rolled off the bed and went into the bathroom to clean his sticky stuff from my body.

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When I got back, he was lying naked on top of the bed, waiting for another round. He said, "I don't see what all the fuss is, baby. I'm safe."

"You sure are," I agreed, "because I'm not going to let you within ten feet of me ever again."

He protested, but I kicked him out of my apartment. I was madder than hell at his attempt to betray my confidence. Some people might think I'm a fanatic, and maybe I am, but I'm a firm believer that sex is fun but it's not worth dying for.

We must've raised our voices during the fracas, because my next-door neighbor Roxanne came over after Larry had slammed out, to make sure I was okay. When I told her what had happened, she said, "Honey, a dildo is a girl's best friend these days. Speaking of which—" and from her bathrobe pocket she brought out a long double-donged stretch of latex.

His cock slipped out of my pussy a split second before it started gushing out streams of milky juice all over my belly

Frankly, I was primed and ready. I'd expected a longer session with Larry, but obviously it wasn't forthcoming. I'd had girl/girl encounters with Roxanne before, and it was not only satisfying, the way we did it was safe. Call me paranoid if you will, but even with girls there are some things I won't do—like sucking, which is a shame because it's very enjoyable. But there are other pleasures.

To be honest, I'd rather have sex with a guy. The real thing is a lot better than a piece of plastic, rubber, or latex, but finding a guy who's willing to just masturbate and be masturbated, or sucked and fucked with a rubber every time isn't easy. Some of them start out saying okay, but when it gets down to the nitty-gritty they try to change the script. So the search goes on.

Meanwhile, there's Roxanne and her warm body. She's a bisexual who has almost given up men entirely to concentrate on girls like me. I'll never give up the male of the species, but my lesbian activities have increased dramatically during the past couple of years. And right now Roxanne is here with me, disrobing, smiling seductively, feeling her tits, licking her lips, running one end of the safe double dong between her legs. I can feel my pussy getting hot again and juicier than ever. I'll start my manhunt later. But now...

Miss E.J.
Nebraska

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

I placed a few condoms in my

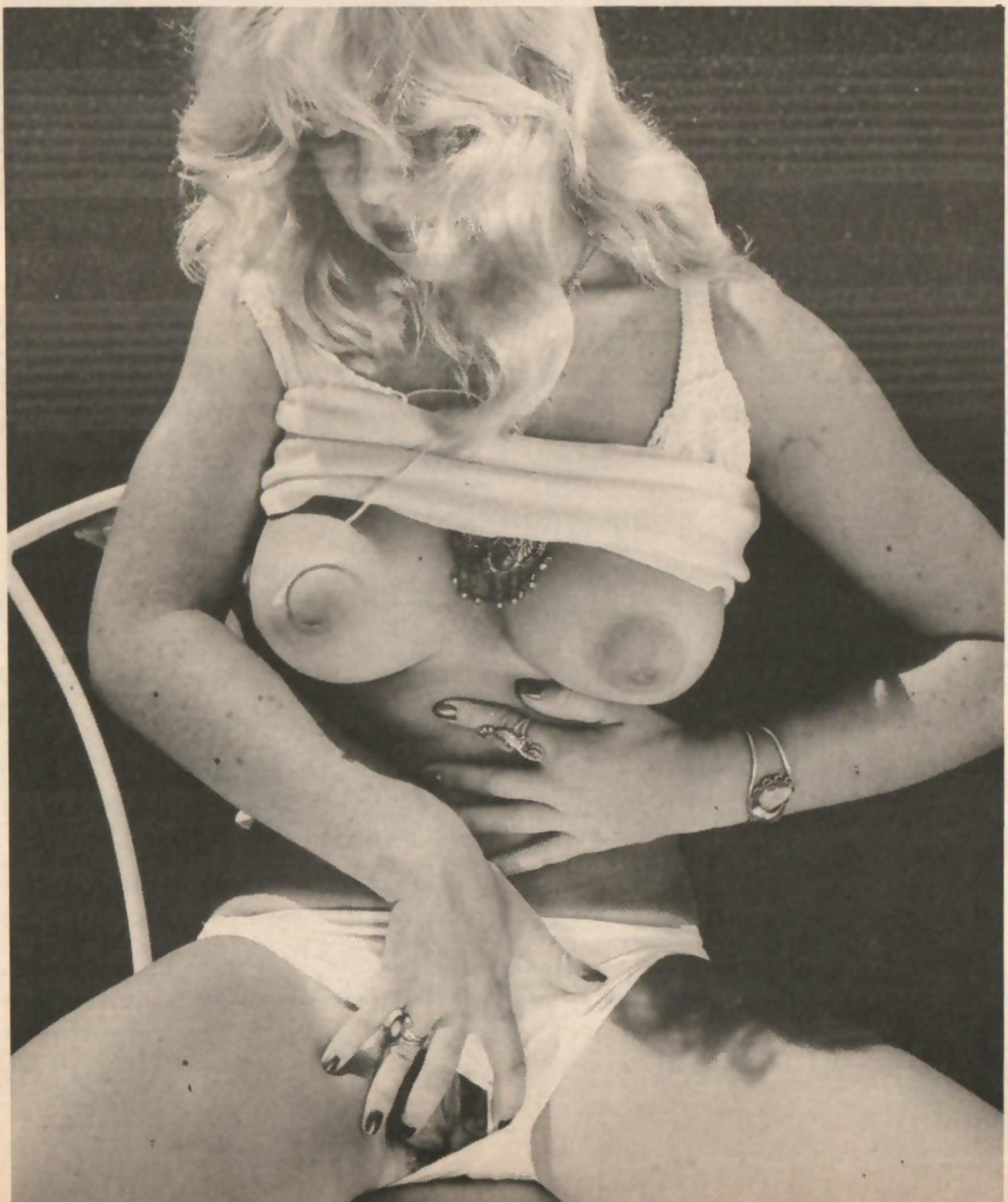
bag and waited for Michael to pick me up. The guy is a living doll, for sure. He's on the lifeguard team here in the beach resort town and he has all the girls going gaga over his groin.

The doorbell rang and I hurried to greet him. He looked so super standing there in those colorful jams and far shirt. He had on faded Con hightops and liked my pink ones. Cons come in colors, you know, and so do I. I felt like creaming my jeans then and there.

We rushed through a fast meal at the Burger Hut and he asked me what I'd like to do. "Right here?" I teased. "Something totally fab right under the table?"

He held my hand and sealed the event with a kiss. Neither of us really wanted to go to the movies. You've seen one splatter picture, you've seen them all. When Michael suggested a walk on the deserted beach, I told him to go for it.

There was a full moon over the



I sucked him steady and felt his rocking jolts as he banged in and out of my mouth

ocean so we had lots of light to look at each other. He put his arm around me as we walked through the shallow surf. Then he slipped one hand onto my tit and it felt like it belonged there, for sure. Michael asked if I'd like going up to the sand dunes. I answered by playfully rubbing his boner.

Lots of the other college kids use the dunes for some hot shucking and jiving. We passed one couple on our way and they didn't seem to mind us standing there watching. They were both naked, rolling around in the sand, getting hot and physical.

I looked at Michael and thought his joystick would jerk right through his jams. We hurried to a secluded spot on the sand, where we kissed. His hands were all over me, slipping beneath my blouse to unhook my bra. My coolish tits bounced into Michael's waiting hands and he started mouthing my mam puffs. He used sweeping tongue strokes around each of my nipples and those nibs became hard and pointy, for sure.

Then he slid down my jeans, taking my panties into the sand too. His fingers slipped into my love slot and he started masturbating me. "Take out your cock!" I cried, tugging at his jams.

His dick burst into view, taking my breath away. Good God! He was totally awesome! His bone was a long, sleek shaft and beneath it were heavy-hanging balls, bloated with sperm.

I moved to my knees to study and admire every rigid inch and vein on that long thing. Michael moved in on my mouth, rubbing the head of his cock against my lips. I pulled back and reached into my purse. "I don't know if you came prepared, guy. But I did. A girl has to."

He shrugged his shoulders but wasn't overly disappointed. His dick was still rock solid. Besides, I made it into an event. I carefully unfurled the condom and motioned his meat closer.

Michael's cock throbbed as I gently and carefully slid on the lubricated sheath. "I have a ribbed one in my purse. You can wear that tickler when you fuck my pussy, okay?"

That really turned him on, for sure. He helped me with the dressing and I made sure there was a flap at the head of the condom to catch all his cum. Then I began on his bone, never using my teeth but applying plenty of lip-loving from end to end of that hard thing.

Michael moved into my mouth with a steady force and his dick anchored to my tongue. I sucked him steady and felt his rocking jolts as he banged in and out of my mouth. It didn't

take him long to climax. I really think he was over-anxious to try on the ribbed rubber and fuck my pussy. Fine by me. He made it a night to remember, for sure.

Ms. P.D.
New Jersey

DOING THE WASHING

I am a college senior attending a midwestern university. Because of the current AIDS scare, I have not given up dating, but I no longer get in the sack for my sexual kicks. I have purchased a seven-inch facsimile cock that I use when I get horny and my pussy cries for attention.

A couple of weeks ago I discovered an alternative method that beats my dildo in bringing me mind-boggling orgasms. It's the next best thing to the real thing that I have ever found.

I was in the dorm laundry room late one night doing my laundry. When I bent over to pick up my box of Bounce, my ass pushed against the washer, which was in the spin cycle. The vibration of the machine felt good on my ass, and since I was a little horny anyway, I thought I would try pressing my cunt against the corner of the machine and see how it felt.

I am rather tall, and I was able to press my crotch against the corner of the washer with ease. The vibration of the machine set my cunt on fire and, before the spin cycle went off, I had a wrenching orgasm. I wanted to take my jeans off and feel the washer through only my pantyhose, but I was afraid that someone would come into the laundry room.

However, by the time I finished my washing, the front of my jeans were soaking wet from my juices. When I got back to my room and dropped the basket, my roommate took one look at my crotch and asked if I had peed my pants.

Jan and I exchange all of our most intimate secrets, and when I explained about my new-found pussy pleaser, she wanted to try it right away. We gathered up a basket of laundry and I suggested that we put on our bathrobes, leave our pantyhose on, and take our jeans off.

Once in the laundry room, we loaded the clothes into the washer, and I showed her where to hold her pussy against the washer. Then I took up a position where I could see if anyone was coming so I could sound a warning.

Before long she was panting and humping her hips against the vibrating machine like it was a man pumping his cock into her pussy. She was making loud moans and whimpers of ecstasy as her orgasm built. Moments later she cried out "Mary, I'm going to come."

Afterwards she took up a position by the door, and I enjoyed

I showed her where to hold her pussy against the washer. Before long she was panting and humping her hips against the vibrating machine

another massive orgasm. We finished our wash and went back to our room and showered. That night our pussies felt better than they had in a month.

We continue to get our sexual fulfillment in the laundry room two or three times a week. However, recently I heard a rumor that the university plans to remodel the laundry room and replace the old machines with newer models. I am wondering if the new machines will be an improvement, or the end of a good thing.

Miss M.S.
Illinois

DESIGNER CONDOMS AND THE STOCK MARKET

I am having a blast! I am also so hot and turned on right now that it is difficult to share this letter, but I want to tell all your readers how I feel. I have found an enjoyable way to fuck these days and enjoy sex. I also want to boast about the investment I made and how I spent my dividend check.

Earlier today the package I ordered arrived. It was a box of condoms. You all have seen the ad. It's carried in many adult publications. It is for a huge assortment of different kind of condoms, a kind of sampler of sorts. Well, in looking for a way to safely enjoy sex these days I have also found a good investment opportunity. I bought stock in a condom manufacturer and with my first dividend check I bought the condom sampler.

I dumped the box on the bed and lay down on top of all those colorful rubbers. I was naked and they felt good against my skin. I immediately went inside and got my girlfriend to try it as well. Well, as soon as she started squirming around on top of the bed, I could see her pussy start to glisten. There were all colors and textures of condoms on the bed.

She picked one out. It had ribs on it; she got it on my cock. As soon as she started running her tongue over those ribs, I got real stimulated! My cock grew big and hard. She ate me with the rubber over my cock and it was great. Those little ribs were massaging me as her mouth sucked and her tongue stroked my rod.

Just before I came, she climbed on top of me and rode me to a satisfying finish for us both. She said those little ribs

kind of massaged the inside of her pussy as well.

We had to try more. The colors were neat. She picked out a red condom for me to use next. I positioned her on her hands and knees and drove it into her from behind. The sight of my red-clad weiner was too much!! I came and came, filling it to almost overflowing with my cum. If everyone is using as many condoms as we are, my dividend checks will soon multiply. The best part is that the chicks seem turned on by the different kinds of rubbers you can get. They just love to play with them, it seems, and dress my cock in all sorts of ways. I can't complain. I'm getting laid and staying out of trouble at the same time.

Sometimes, though, I will engage in mutual masturbation with a chick as well. I like to see a lady sitting in front of me with her legs spread and her fingers busy at work inside her wet, hot, delightfully framed, hairy cunt. I sit and stroke my rod and try to time it so that we cum at about the same time. I like to watch her face as it contorts with pleasure from her self-induced orgasm.

Fucking with a rubber on is fine. The newest ones are so thin that you can barely tell they are there. The alternatives are not so great. The sight of my cock clad in a fancy colored or designed rubber as it drives in and out of a tight cunt turns me on. I know the chicks are happy too.

Fucking with a rubber on is fine. The newest ones are so thin that you can barely tell they are there

My favorite condom is one with little bumps on it and a tickler-type thing at the end. My lady says that drives her crazy. It gives her a lot of extra stimulation. All I know is that her orgasms are getting longer and louder. I guess it's a sign of growing satisfaction.

So be smart; stay safe. You just might find a whole new turn-on and endeavor if you do.

Mr. T.M.
North Dakota

BETTER SAFE THAN...

"Palm my clit! That's it baby! Faster!"

Ron really worked on my pussy, massaging my cunt lips in a frantic effort to get me off. But it takes a lot of stimulation between my legs for me to orgasm. So foreplay is an end in itself, one I really enjoy.

He rocked me and his old Chevy. Leaning against the passenger door, I smiled at the way he poured all of his heart and soul into the frigging. Both of us were naked, along with half the other people in surrounding

cars. It was a regular ritual on weekends and everybody made the scene up by the reservoir.

I met him at a bar a short time before. Ron is a smooth-talking dude with black hair and dark marble eyes. He asked me to dance and we got tight and physical on the crowded floor. We didn't even notice when the song was over! We just kept swaying and hugging, getting off on each other.

We left the bar and I knew he wanted to dance his dick into my mouth and pussy. We found the last available parking place by the reservoir and soon steamed the windows with our hot love-making games.

He had three full fingers swimming in the slush, jamming my juicy box. I clawed his shoulders as he masturbated me to the edge. "Hold on! I'm coming!"

Tightening my thighs around his hand, I felt the spiraling climax rushing through me. When I come, I come in gushes and some guys swear it's unbelievable. I drenched Ron's hand to the wrist.

After frigging me, he looked into my eyes and spoke with a sexy determination. "I want you so bad."

"Then do it. But stick it in a wrapper first."

"Oh shit! Come on!" he protested.

"No way, guy!" I sat up and brought his sorry head to my breasts. He cradled his head there and licked my nipples,

I shook the joy from his love sacks and felt it climbing up in his cock

getting them rigid. The hot love juice gushed out of my slit and dampened the car seat. Ron tried to coax my quim to his cock but I put it to him straight.

"Next time, I promise. But not unless you wear a condom. Here baby, let me show you how good my hand can feel."

He sat in the middle of the front seat with his cock jutting high and hard, almost into the dash. I nibbled his ear and told him how I couldn't wait to feel his iron in my waiting pussy. I also whispered it might be worth the effort to drive down to the all-night pharmacy. I knew he'd go for that just as he went for my expert handjob.

I used my thumb and forefinger to form a fleshy cock ring, which I slipped onto his solid shaft. He eased back and sighed as I started in on his cock. Then his hand was suddenly atop mine, helping me shake and jerk his cock.

Up and down until the friction was hot and intense, I shook the joy from his love sacks and felt it climbing up his cock. He jerked upward into my hand and I tightened up even more on his meaty stick. Then I concentrated on his bulbous knob, massaging, then driving that

sensitive head to the explosive point. He groaned and I felt the wet stuff splashing from his cock. So much! So much sperm!

I looked down at the milky spunk in my palm and felt so thirsty all of a sudden. I was almost tempted to take just a little bit. But I know a girl can't do those things.

After wiping the sperm into his handkerchief, I kissed Ron and told him to drive to the pharmacy pronto. The only thing I worried about was finding an available parking space when we got back. If not, then we'd do it on the side of the road.

Ms. G.O.
Kansas

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Cocktails and cocks; his boss makes house calls; licking the customer's cunt

OTHER-THAN-PUBLIC RELATIONS

My most memorable seduction happened two years ago with a young man who was my assistant at the public relations firm I worked at. Stan, the young man, was tall, thin, and very funny and sweet. Since my love life was going nowhere at the time and I thought Stan was cute, I began to flirt with him.

I've got big tits, and it didn't take long to figure out that Stan liked full-breasted women. I love to kiss, and I can remember coming up behind Stan at his

desk and kissing him right behind his ear. I thought that he'd lose his senses right then and there! After that, it wasn't long before we started staying together in the office after hours to "work late." For weeks we just hugged, kissed, and flirted, but I was a bit wary about getting into a heavy sexual relationship with Stan, who's ten years younger than myself.

Then I became ill and Stan called me every day for a week to ask how I was doing. The day that I started feeling healthy again, Stan called me and asked me if there was anything that I needed. Well, I asked him to buy some aspirin for me and to bring it over to my apartment. Just a few minutes later, I heard Stan knocking on my apartment door, and I yelled to him to let himself in and come back to my bedroom. So he brought the aspirin back to me and turned to go, but I patted the side of my bed and asked Stan to stay and chat awhile. As we were chatting, I groaned a little bit, and Stan asked me what was the matter. I told him that my back was stiff from being in bed so long and Stan, bless his horny young heart, offered to massage my back.

I started bobbing my face up and down on his massive meat, using my tongue to tease the crown of his cock as I slid his shaft in and out

I was tingling with excitement when Stan slid the straps of my filmy nightgown off of my shoulders and began giving me a warm, wonderfully sensuous back massage that ended when I, still half-naked, rolled over. We began giving each other warm, wet, passionate kisses as Stan's hands caressed and squeezed my breasts. Our hands began roaming and exploring all over each other's bodies, taking off my nightgown and Stan's suit.

I gasped when I first uncovered Stan's huge cock, and I knew I had to have it, had to have that big thing in my mouth. So I went down on Stan's super salami, teasing its huge head with flicking tongue-kisses and then opening my mouth wide to swallow down as much of Stan's shaft as I could. Then I started bobbing my face up and down on his massive meat, using my tongue to tease the crown of his cock as I slid his shaft in and out of my throat.

"Ooh, lie back, babe," said Stan. "I want to fuck you!"

I lay back and spread my thighs wide to let Stan sink his mammoth member into my soaking-wet pussy. My cunt was as hungry, if not more so, as my mouth had been to engulf Stan's rigid rod. I started orgasming as soon as the head of Stan's big prick spread my cunt lips wide

and slid between them. Stan rammed his big rod deeper and deeper into me as my pussy quivered with delight, and it was unbelievable that I took the entire length of his cock inside me.

As Stan started his long, slow thrusts in and out of me, I was delirious with elation feeling his big, pink python of passion plunging in and out, in and out of my hot box while Stan's succulent lips mouthed my nipples. Stan was a real stud, and I loved the way that he'd grind his pubic hair against my clitoris on every downstroke. Finally, after many minutes of exquisite ecstasy, Stan groaned passionately and filled my orgasming cunt full of his hot, creamy spunk.

I spent the entire next two days and nights (it'd been a Friday when Stan brought me the aspirin) enjoying Stan's loving company in many wonderful ways. I'll tell you about that in another letter, maybe, but I've got to go now. Stan's just drove up to my apartment building, and there's a big bulge in his crotch that needs some attention....

Miss D. Q.
Colorado

UNFUNDED FUN

I worked for a small government agency, so small, in fact, that when Congress decided to discontinue our funding, no one noticed. The regional office I ran had only myself and two men—call them Jones and Smith.

We worked well together, despite the fact that I am a woman, and I really liked Jones and Smith.

Jones is in his mid-thirties, a little soft around the middle but still in good shape for a desk-bound guy, and Smith is what you'd call a hunk. Although Smith is not much taller than I am, he has a wrestler's body, a weightlifter's body.

On the last day, all the files had been secured, the phone disconnected, and there was nothing left for us to do. I called Smith and Jones into my office. I took a pint of bourbon from my briefcase, and we all raised a cup to toast what had been.

We sat around chatting, when Smith put his calloused hand over mine. Something in me dissolved, and I wanted him then, wanted them both.

As if he read my mind, Smith leaned over and kissed me. I responded passionately, putting my hand behind his head, pulling him to me.

We stood up, still kissing. His tongue swiped at my teeth. I stopped, though, and broke away. I leaned over Jones, slowly, very slowly, bringing my mouth down on his.

His kiss was gentle, tentative, like a girl's kiss might be. I pulled him up and the three of

His erection erupted in my mouth, filling it with hot, salty semen. It poured out faster than I could swallow it and some dribbled down my chin

us headed for the big couch in what had been our waiting room.

Smith wasted no time getting out of his clothes, and his muscular body was really something. His erection stood out and waved in the air.

It took me and Jones a little longer to get undressed, Jones because he was shy, myself because a female executive has to wear a lot more clothes than a man—slip, bra, stockings, as well as a blouse, skirt and jacket.

Jone's erection was beautiful, longer and thicker than Smith's. But Smith had been standing there patiently, so I sat Indian style in front of him and slurped his erection into my mouth. The taste was strange and wonderful, meaty and kind of tart. I ran my tongue around the head, licking the sensitive spot just under it.

Meanwhile Jones had got behind me. His fingers rubbed my ass and then slid around to my front. He fondled my breasts, making the nipples stand up, then one finger dove lower, to my excited pussy. I could feel his body pressing up against my back, his erection brushing the cleft between my buttocks.

I raised my rear up, so I was on all fours. Jones rubbed his erection over the opening of my pussy, and then began to squeeze it in.

I felt utterly depraved. Here I was with two men in my body at once, and they were my employees to boot!

"Take it, boss!" Jones muttered.

"Yeah, suck it, boss." Smith picked up on Jone's lead.

I did suck it, as Smith worked it back and forth over my tongue, literally fucking my face. Meanwhile Jone's big erection was lodged in my pussy, and he hardly moved at all.

Jones let out a long sigh, and I felt his organ jerking inside my pussy as he gave me his all. Then Smith demanded all my attention.

His erection erupted in my mouth, filling it with hot, salty semen. It poured out faster than I could swallow it, and some dribbled down my chin.

As Jones leaned against me, his organ cool against my rear, and Smith sat down on the couch, I looked at them.

"You guys screwed up again. I didn't even come. What are you going to do about it?"

They looked at each other and laughed. I got on the couch, my

knees wide apart.

"We'll get right on it boss," Smith said.

"We'll take care of it right away," Jones said.

And they did—a really great job, too.

Mrs. L. K.
Kentucky

A SECRETARIAL AFFAIR

You always hear about men having these torrid affairs with their secretaries. Well, I'm a 35-year-old woman and I'm having an affair with my secretary too, and she's the greatest lover I've ever had.

It all started after I got promoted to this job and got Barbara, my secretary. You have to see Barbara to appreciate her. She's small, maybe five-foot-one, but she's beautiful. Her brown hair is silky, long and always worn straight. Her body is perfect, with slim legs and shapely breasts and hips. Everything is in perfect proportion.

"Lori, you have such beautiful breasts," she said, her voice thick with lust

As soon as Barbara and I were introduced, we got to work and as the week went on, we became friendly, then downright close. We laughed about the people in the office, traded jokes and watched men. Barbara also watched women and the idea that she could get turned on by a woman surprised me. Considering her looks, I figured she'd have all the men she could ever want. But I guess that had nothing to do with it.

About two weeks later, we were working late one night. Everyone else had gone home and we finally finished about 9 pm. I leaned back in my chair and winced. "What's wrong? Is your neck stiff?" she asked. I nodded. She immediately came around and began to massage and rub my neck with soft, sensitive hands. "Gee you sure are tight," she said. "Why don't you take off your blouse? It'll be easier." For some reason, I didn't even think twice about it. I just slipped my blouse off, leaving me with my 38-B breasts spilling out of a tiny bra.

Barbara began to rub my shoulders again, sending waves of relief through my body, putting me in an incredibly relaxed state. I glanced up to make sure my office door was locked and then just concentrated on Barbara's wonderful hands. She stopped a second to slip my bra straps off and out of the way. With the tension released, the bra slid down and my breasts tumbled free, exposing my brown areolas and erect nipples.

Barbara kept rubbing my shoulders, but slowly worked her way down my chest until, finally, she cupped my breasts in her hands and gently rubbed my nipples. By this point, I knew I was going to get more than just a back-rub, and I decided to let things happen. She came around and knelt in front of me and looked up at my breasts. "Lori, you have such beautiful breasts," she said, her voice thick with lust.

Her first touches had sent tingles to my pussy, so when she took one nipple into her mouth and sucked gently on it, my pussy was soon soaked. I moaned and squirmed in my seat, unconsciously pushing my pussy towards her. She stopped sucking seconds later and stood up. She stripped out of her clothes in seconds and then helped me out of mine. We lay on the thick carpet of my office and kissed and hugged. Then she laid me on my back, planted her musky, sweet pussy on my face, and busied herself giving me the best head of my entire life.

She started with my outer lips,

licking and sucking them, and then slowly moved inward straight to my clit. Each tiny movement of her tongue and fingers was driving me right out of my head with lust and I was barely able to concentrate on her luscious womanhood. I had never eaten a woman before, but I tried my best to imitate Barbara's actions and her moans told me I was doing fine. She soon had my clit trapped firmly between her lips and she sucked and licked it with the perfect pressure. Within seconds, my orgasm began to thunder through my body, turning me into a screaming, writhing creature, totally oblivious to anything but the sensations coursing through me.

When Barbara finally finished, she lay back and, as I watched, masturbated herself to a tremendous orgasm that left her gasping for breath in a sweaty heap next to me. We held each other for a few moments after that and then dressed. I couldn't bear to part with my new-found lover that night so, after a quick stop at her place for a change of clothes, we spent the rest of the night in my bed, making love and holding each other.

Since that night, we've spent literally every night together. Barbara is even talking about moving in with me and I told her I loved the idea. Of course we both still love the feel of hard cocks in our hot little pussies, but until we each find that special guy, we're definitely having the time of our lives.

Ms. L. P.
North Carolina

LOVE OR LUST

I'm not going to argue the point of love and its existence but I would like to relate the beginning of a brief relationship that I suppose borders on the edge. I have had my share of affairs and a few quick fucks or one-nighters, but I had never really run into the kind of strong sexual feeling I had with Dorothy.

She was my boss and she was fifteen years older than I was—in fact, in her early fifties. She was still a very nice and attractive woman, with red hair and green eyes. She had nice tits that sagged only slightly and a great, round ass. She wasn't really my type but for some reason I was strongly attracted to her. I found myself getting erections when the occasion arose that we got close. We went out a few times but nothing serious and I played Mister Gentleman. I could just never seem to catch her at the right moment. But if it is meant to be then it seems like it happens.

She had cashed a check for me one day and I had gone on home and had taken a shower and put my robe on. I was sitting smoking a cigarette and relax-

I slid my cock into her wet slit and fucked her slow and easy, and very shortly my cock exploded again and shot cum up into her

ing when there was a knock on the door. I went and opened it. It was Dorothy. She had been afraid she hadn't given me enough money and she had come by to check. I couldn't resist inviting her in.

The sight of her made me hot. I could feel my cock beginning to surge between my legs. I couldn't resist putting my hands on her shoulders; just the touch and I went hard instantly, and I pulled close to her and found myself kissing her neck and face. I knew she could feel my hardness pushing against her.

My hands found her tits and I felt them and how nice and round and firm they still were. They felt good thru her pullover sweater. My hands roamed all over her body and I rubbed and pushed her nice round ass into me. I could feel my cock bulge as I did so. She didn't say anything. She only let me do whatever I wanted.

My robe came off and I stood naked in front of her. My cock was standing straight up and stiff. It never does that. I tugged her over to the bed. I pulled her to me and I lifted her sweater and stuck my cock under it and pressed against her. My cock was so hot that her skin felt cool. I massaged her ass with my hands and kissed her and, to my surprise, I could feel my cock begin to shoot out its jism, all hot and sticky. My body shook all over and it felt like I shot a wad of sperm.

I pulled off her sweater and then removed her bra. I cupped both breasts in my hands. There was cum all over her stomach but I pulled us close together and smeared it all over both of us. Surprisingly, my cock was still erect and I was still excited. I bent down and undid her jeans and stripped off those and her underwear. On my hands and knees, I stuck my nose and face right between her legs into her red-haired bush. It was all soft and warm and wet. My fingers found her wet opening and I pushed them in. Her pussy was hot with her juices.

I fingered her wet hole and sucked and licked her cunt. I slid my cock into her wet slit and fucked her slow and easy, and very shortly my cock exploded again and shot cum up into her. I slowed but kept fucking her and my cock stayed stiff but looser. I couldn't stop fucking her and my balls were still hot. I could almost feel more cum waiting inside them.

She lay there caressing my back and ass and moving her pussy with my rhythm. I fucked her faster and faster until I shot another wad. I slowed down my

strokes until I had to just lie there, worn-out, feeling my cock, by now half hard, lying peacefully inside her wet cunt hole.

When I had regained some strength I slipped my cock out and put my face between her legs, and really ate her pussy out. I lapped up both her juices and my cum and sucked her clit and nub and pussy lips and tongue-fucked her. She had found my cock and was stroking it and it was hard again. I was just out of control. I had never felt like this before.

I don't know how many times I fucked that night; my cock got sore and I know her pussy did, but I just couldn't stop. I was even fucking when I didn't have much cum left and there were only short shots of jism spewing forth. I finally gave up when I was just too exhausted to continue, and fell asleep. When I awoke she was lying next to me and I had another hard-on, so it was back between her legs for some more sticky and sloppy pussy.

Mr. A.T.
Wisconsin

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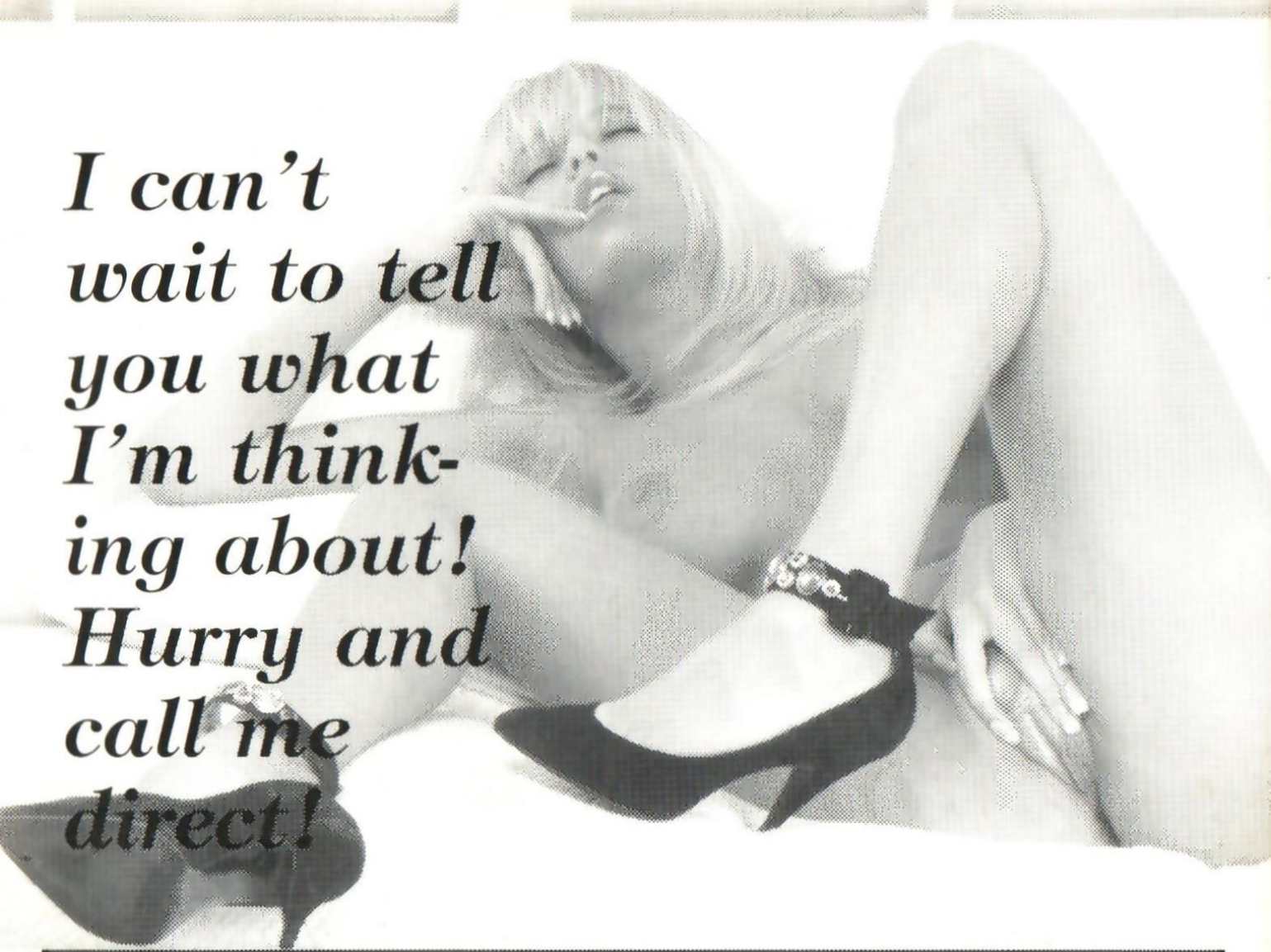

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